Father of the Turf.

Tregonwell Frampton Esq.[r]

Keeper of y[e] Running Horses at Newmarket to King William y[e] 3[d].
Queen Ann. King George y[e] 1.st and King George y[e] 2.[d] A[o]. Ætat 87. 1728.

Published May 1, 1801, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square

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THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interefting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 18.

1384

Great Bustard.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR *and Sold by* J. WHEBLE,

N.° 18 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near S.t Pauls.

MDCCCI.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

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For APRIL, 1801.

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[Embellished with an elegant Portrait of TREGONWELL FRAMPTON, Esq. by SCOTT, and an Etching of THE PROLIFIC HARE, by HOWITT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. *ARCH.* SCRAMER, who sent us an account of a phenomenon on a *Romantic Island* upon the Lake of Keswick, is not sufficiently *arch* to effect his purpose with us, or our Artist.—His communication, instead of being sent *from*, should have been sent *to*, a *Romantic Island*; near which he says (in some sense, perhaps truly) he is an inhabitant.—However, we shall consider him, and his colleague, in future, as residents *at Coventry*.

Another effusion from the *pretended* Sportsman near Bunhill-Row has been received.—The Printer, seeing the contents, instead of transmitting it to the *Editor*, committed it to the *flames*.

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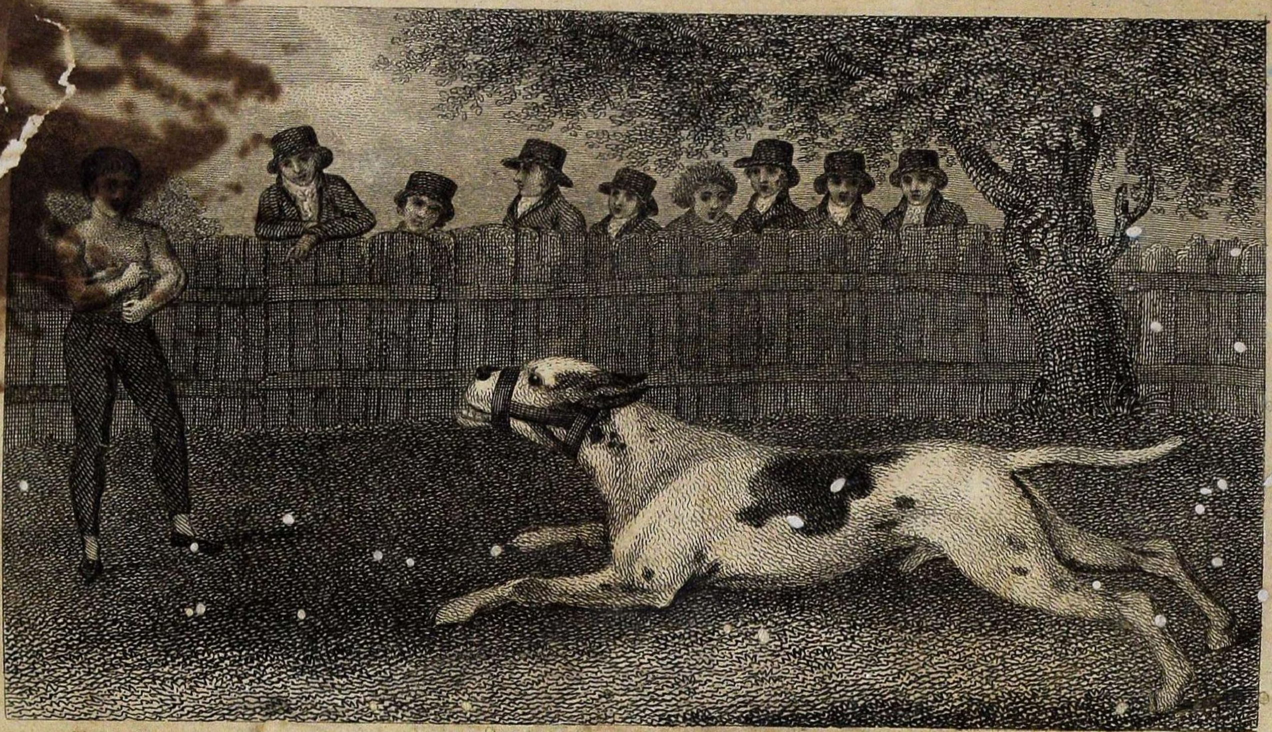

Gentleman and the Bull-dog.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For APRIL 1801.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

TREGONWELL FRAMPTON, ESQ. FATHER OF THE TURF.

[An ENGRAVING by SCOTT, *from an Original Picture, painted by Mr. Wotton.*]

ALTHOUGH the same circumstances relative to this gentleman have been introduced in a former Volume of our Miscellany, we shall here again mention them to save the trouble of reference.

Tregonwell Frampton, Esq. of Moreton, in Dorsetshire, Keeper of the Running Horses at Newmarket, to their Majesties William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second; died 12th of March, 1727, aged 86 years.

This extraordinary character was born in the reign of King Charles the First, when the sports of horse-racing commenced at Newmarket, and he was owner of the celebrated horse Dragon. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the Adventurer) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of Beasts and Birds.

"It is true," replied the Steed, "I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity: my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums, but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. —— the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her: but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly

A 2 mounted

mounted and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

"When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man."

MEDITATIONS OF A SHANDEAN SPORTSMAN.

WHENEVER, says he, I observe a carriage pass under my window, I ask myself these questions.—Does it belong to one now in place, or who is aiming to obtain a place?—To one of the led Captains, or other hangers on the Nobility and Placemen?—To one of the Reps, Demireps, Pimps, Dancing-Masters, Swindlers, or Gamesters?—To one of the Nabobs, Contractors, Merchants, or Speculators in Funds?—To one of the Stewards, Brokers, Factors, Agents, or Agents of Agents?—To one of the Physicians, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Men Midwives, Oculists, Dentists, Corn-Cutters, Quack-Doctors, Chymical and Galenical?—Or to one of the eminent Perfumers, Tallow-Chandlers, Fish-Mongers, Taylors, Auctioneers, Musical Instrument-Makers, or other eminent Tradesmen, from the eminent personage who sells Tripe, Cowheel, and Sheep's Trotters, in Chick-Lane, to the great monopolizers of Oriental Wealth in Leadenhall-street?—Or should a Timwhisky, Buggy, or Gigg come by, belonging to a Merchant's or an Attorney's Clerk, or inferior Civil Officer unto Government, Haberdasher's Journeyman or Apprentice, Waiter at a Tavern or Coffee House, Understrapping Player, or eminent Hair-Dresser, all whose carriages are so numerous, as often to make our streets impassable.

CURIOUS DETECTION OF A DOG-STEALER.

A Few days since, a fellow driving a cart along the Strand, containing a terrier dog, which he had stolen, a gentleman (the owner) coming by, and knowing the cry of the dog, immediately challenged him with stealing it; and upon being searched, they found a silver collar upon him, bearing the owner's name, &c. He was immediately taken to Bow-street, and committed for trial.

NEW DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.
Wednesday, April 22.

THIS evening a new Comic Opera, called *The Blind Girl*, or *A Receipt for Beauty*, was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Gallardo -	Mr. Munden.
Don Valentia -	Mr. Betterton.
Lupeso - -	Mr. Whitfield.
Roderick - -	Mr. Claremont.
Benito - -	Mr. Townsend.
Frederick - -	Mr. Incledon.
Splash (his servant)	Mr. Fawcett.
Sligo - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Young Inca -	Mr. Hill.
Indian - -	Mr. Street.
Signora Dolorosa de Gallardo -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Clara Bonito -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Viletta - -	Miss Sims.
Corrello - -	Miss Waters.
Spanish Lady -	Mrs. Powell.

SCENE—Lima, South America.

From

From the uncommon variety and complication of business with which this Piece abounds, a sketch of at least the outlines of the Fable becomes necessary.

Frederick, a surgeon, and his servant *Splash*, two Englishmen, having been shipwrecked arrive at the gates of the city of Lima, in South America. Almost on the instant of their appearance, *Don Valentia*, son-in-law to the Viceroy, and infamous for his libertinism, attempts to carry off *Clara Bonito* the Blind Girl, from her family. They hear her cries, rescue her from the ravisher, and restore her to her father. —*Splash*, who is nearly famished, hearing from his master that he had, when in England, invented a cosmetic, of extraordinary virtue in repairing decayed beauty, determines to try whether, by turning Quack, and offering it to sale, he may not extricate himself from the danger of perishing by absolute want. With this view, he takes the opportunity of a large concourse of the inhabitants to make a ludicrous parade of the efficacy of the nostrum. *Bonito*, the father of the Blind Girl, anxious to shew his gratitude to the preservers of his daughter's honour, invites the strangers to his house. *Frederick*, having examined *Clara*'s eyes, acquaints *Bonito* of the probability of restoring her sight; and it is determined that the operation shall be performed.

The Viceroy's Lady, who is very ugly, hearing of *Splash*'s specific, resolves to try its powers, and dispatches *Sligo*, an Irishman, a kind of *Master of the Ceremonies* to the Viceroyal Court, a *Superintendant of Miscellaneous Services*, an *Overseer of Odds and Ends*, a *Hotch-potch Comptroller of Bits and Scraps*, and *Grand Regulator of this, that, and t'other*, to introduce the new Doctor to her Excellency.

Don Valentia's passion for *Clara* increases with the defeat of his plan to carry her off; and, under the pretence of generously assisting her father; but with the real design of making him instrumental to his child's dishonour, lends, in conjunction with *Luposo*, one of his confederates, a consi[illegible]ble sum of money to *Bonito*, [illegible] the express condition that he shall return it only when both the lenders are present.—*Bonito* is, however, tricked out of the money by the knavery of *Luposo*, who esc[illegible]s to Europe. —*Clara* having re[illegible]ered her sight by the skill o[illegible]*derick*, *Don Valentia*'s passion being further inflamed by this unexpected addition to her beauty, he determines, unless *Bonito* will sacrifice his daughter to him, to reduce him to beggary, by exacting from him the whole sum which had been lent. *Bonito* is accordingly imprisoned, for having paid to *Luposo* what should have been given only in the presence of both. *Splash* in the mean time succeeds, by the admirable virtue of his nostrum, in conferring on the face of the Vice-Queen the appearance of greater youth and beauty: he is offered dignities and honours, but selects that of Chief Judge. In this situation he gives an exemplary instance of his sagacity, by freeing *Bonito* from the persecution of *Don Valentia*; for when the cause is heard, he decrees, that as, according to the bond, both parties were to be present on the delivery of the money, and *Luposo* could not be found, justice required that *Bonito* should be liberated.—*Frederick* and *Clara* are then united.

The interest is increased, by interweaving in the main business of the Opera the assassination of *Don Roderick* by the *Inca* of Peru, the chastity of whose daughter that libertine had brutally violated. The

Inca

Inca is also brought before the tribunal of *Splash*, and sentenced to the same punishment as that before inflicted on *Roderick* for the violation of the sister's honour—a month's banishment from the Court.

Even in a longer detail, it would be difficult to give a correct idea of the pl[illegible] incidents, such is the superabun[illegible]nce and complexness of the matter compressed into the piece.—Mr. Morton is, we understand, the author of this production, which certainly contains many excellen[illegible] sentiments, well expressed and [illegible]rally applied.—It also possesses [illegible] neat points; but the attempts at wit and humour are too frequent to be successful, and there is throughout too eager a propensity to excite merriment, which, defeating its own object, unhappily causes tediousness, and sometimes disgust.—It is certainly, in its present state, an hour too long.

The following is a specimen of the Poetry, in which *Splash* whimsically introduces names never designed to stand together in rhyme

> To tell where I've been,
> Or what fair ones I've seen,
> In places where I my abode took,
> I'm sure it would fill
> A Chancery Bill,
> Or as long be as Paterson's Read-book.
> First at Acton and Ealing,
> Their faces I'm peeling;
> At Ilchester and Dorchester,
> And Chichester and Porchester,
> At Woolwich and Highgate,
> And Dulwich and Ryegate,
> At Beckington and Oakingham,
> At Buckingham and Rockingham,
> At Brummagem
> I rummage 'em,
> At Deptford and Hampton,
> And Bedford and Bampton,
> At Harlow and Charmouth,
> And Marlow and Yarmouth,
> At Dartford and Darking,
> And Hartford and Barking,
> At Wor'ster and Chester,
> And Glo'ster and Leicester,
> At Teddington and Amersham,
> And Paddington and Feversham,
> And Holyhead and Riverhead,
> Maidenhead and Leatherhead.
> In chaises and four I've rattled off to Daventry,
> And many is the time that I've been sent to Coventry.

Of the scenery, decorations, and dresses, we can only say, they were generally appropriate.

Theatre, Drury-Lane.

A New Tragedy, intitled *Julian and Agnes*, was performed here, on Saturday night, April 25. The characters were thus represented:—

Alphonsa, Count of Tortona,	Mr. Kemble.
Provost, - - - - -	Mr Wroughton
Prior, - - - - - -	Mr. Packor.
Confessor, - - - - -	Mr. Barrymore
Infirmier, - - - - -	Mr. Holland.
Knight, - - - - -	Mr. Powell,
Guards, - - - -	Mr Cooke, Mr. Trueman.
Agnes, Countess of Tortona,	Mrs. Siddons.
Ellen, - - - - - -	Miss Biggs.
Attendants, - - -	Mrs. Sontley. Miss B. Menage

The scene is laid at a Convent on Mount St. Bernard, in Switzerland, were *Alphonso*, a man of distracted and melancholy appearance, seeks refuge. Being prevailed on to confess the cause of his despair, he informs the Monks that he is the *Count of Tortona*, who, in early life, had married *Agnes*, Princess of Navarre, in merit and beauty the pride of Italy; that shortly after he went to the wars, and contracted a friendship with a Swiss Banneret, who had saved his life, but was himself left for dead on the field of battle, after having recommended *Ellen*, an orphan sister, to his protection; that, forgetful of his friendship, he imposed himself upon *Ellen* as an unmarried man, and married her, and that he afterwards slew her brother, the Swiss Banneret, who, having recovered from his wounds, had come

come to the *Count of Tortona*, and sought revenge for his perfidy and baseness. These horrid events, he said, had driven *Ellen* to madness, in which state he ranged the country with her in poverty and disguise, but at length recovering her reason, she abjured his presence; since which time he continued a solitary wanderer, until chance brought him to the Convent. The two first acts are employed in preparing the mind for the reception of this story. Every word that escapes *Alphonso* betrays a guilty conscience, and he is, in every look and gesture, the picture of despair. The conversation of the Monks constantly turns upon this mysterious stranger, and every other means are used with judgment and success to excite a lively curiosity to know his fate. Where then the attention is so long held in painful suspense, and expectation raised so high, an ordinary tale of woe would be totally inadequate to the effect. Some idea, therefore, may be formed of the terrors with which the present tale is clothed, and of the force, passion, and feeling, with which it was told by Mr. Kemble, when, instead of disappointment, it produced a most powerful sensation. From this point out, the interest of the piece is considerably diminished. A Lady is seen traversing the mountain with her attendants, carrying a bier. She is extricated from a situation of danger by the Monks, who also recover a young Lady, her companion, who is apparently dead. The strangers are entertained at the Convent, and attacked on their departure by robbers, when *Alphonso* rushes in and rescues them. The two Ladies prove to be his two wives, whose presence is accounted for in a way sufficiently probable. A reconciliation takes place. *Ellen* has just strength enough to forgive the *Count* on the interference of the *Countess*, and the *Count* dies of a broken heart and a wound received in the encounter with the robbers. These constitute the remaining scenes; but though they contain some passages of pathos, they do not completely keep the promise held out in the former ones. We know not enough of [illegible] to feel a due proportion of interest in her unhappy fate. It is impossible to feel as we ought for the wrongs of the *Countess*, for she does not seem to feel for them herself; and as to the *Count*, his story discloses so much deliberate baseness and perfidy, that his sufferings and contrition, however great, excite but little pity. The language, classical and poetical, as might be expected from the pen of Mr. Sotheby, the Author, flows in finely rounded periods, but inclining rather to the declamatory, and surcharging the sentiment with a weight of words. In point of morality, the piece is perfectly unexceptionable, yet as an instructive lesson almost superfluous. Broad and undisguised vice is of so disgusting a nature, that it requires only to be seen to excite abhorrence. Of this description is the guilt of the *Count of Tortona*. His Countess is too beautiful, too amiable, to afford temptation for his infidelity: his friend too brave, too generous, to afford a palliation for the imposture on his sister, and the murder of himself. We require no lesson to make us abhor these crimes. Where vice assumes some alluring shape; where generous feeling may be led away by mistaken principle; where the slightest aberration from the line of rectitude leads to inevitable ruin; these are the cases where instruction is necessary, and the morality of the tragic muse may be employed to the best advantage. In the general composition and colouring there is no contrast of light and shade, no variety of incident.

The

The piece rests entirely upon the truth and beauty of the sentiment, and the dignity of the language, formed in all its parts on the basis of the purely legitimate drama. Its defects, therefore, are principally defects only in relation to modern taste, and there have been times, perhaps m[illegible] classical, and polished, when it would have passed for a *chef d'œuvre.* When Voltaire attempted the subject of *Œdipus*, he found in the original Sophocles scarcely matter enough for two modern acts. The scenery is new, picturesque, and appropriate, particularly the internal and remote views of the Convent; but one of the most beautiful, that of the mountain, with the Countess and her retinue descending it, is too near the eye, and consequently on too small a scale for the horrible and sublime.—Its light glittering colours, and the light white dresses of the femaleattendants, would equally correspond with a comic scene. Though not too long in the performance, the piece will admit of some compression. Where Mr. Trueman, one of the guards, rushes into the convent, and informs the Monks, that some strangers are in the utmost danger in the mountains, it is wrong to waste in conversation the moments which should be devoted to relief. After the rencontre with the robbers, the long conversation that ensues between the *Count* and *Countess* should also be abridged or interrupted by some inquiry for *Ellen*, who is carried off, and whose fate is then uncertain.

The piece could not be got up with more care, or better supported in the performance. The great weight and interest of it rested on Mr. Kemble, who exerted himself with all his talent and his usual success. It was heard throughout with attention, in many scenes with strong emotion; a circumstance not easily reconcileable with some symptoms of disapprobation to its announcement for future representation.

The *Prologue*, spoken by Mr. Powell, announced the piece of that domestic kind which comes home to men's business and bosoms. The *Epilogue*, by Miss Biggs, without any relation to the piece, was an eulogy on the exploits of Admiral Nelson. The object, of consequence, was too palpable to produce the intended effect.

The House was filled in every part before the rising of the curtain, with an elegant audience.

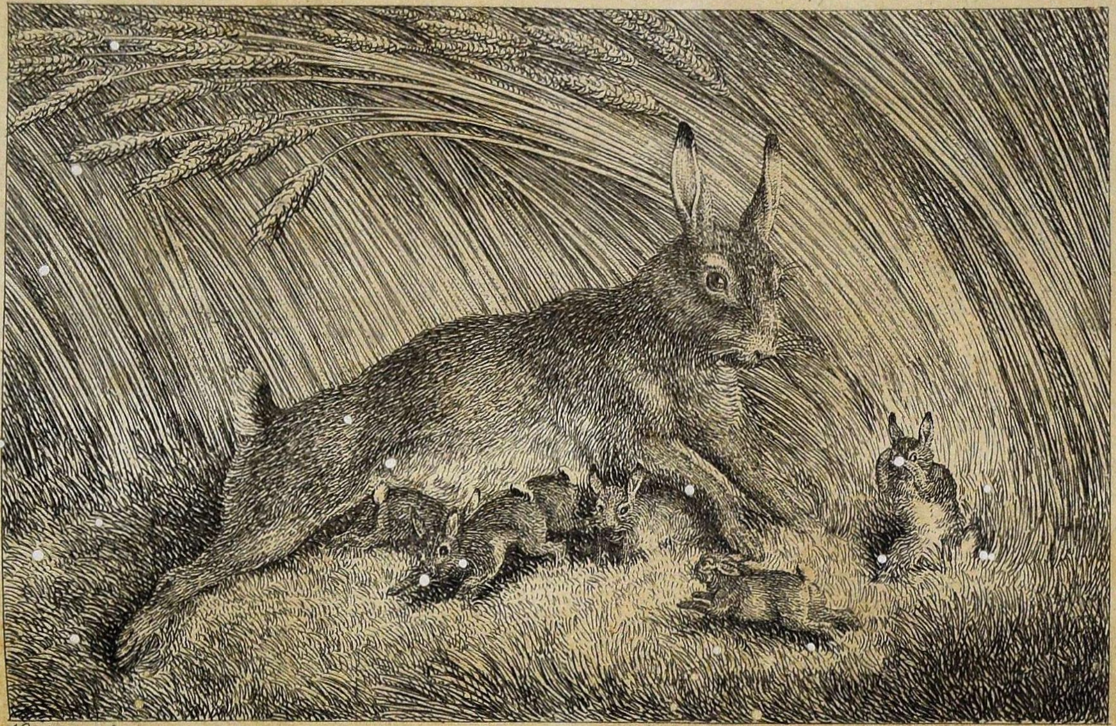
EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

The Prolific Hare.

(An Etching, by Mr. Howitt.)

On the first of September, 1800, Mr. Lewis, Patent Truss-maker, for the cure of Ruptures, of Ludgate-street, accompanied by a gentleman from the Custom House, London, went out with their pointers, in the neighbourhood of Chigwell, and after bringing down a few brace of birds, Mr. Lewes shot a Hare. On opening her, he found no less than three brace of young ones, in all things perfect with hair, teeth, &c. &c—Deeming this so extraordinary an instance of fecundity, Mr. Lewes caused the Hare and its young ones to be stuffed, and has them now preserved in a glass for the inspection of the curious —Since this Etching has been made, we have been told that the position of the Hare should have been sitting on her haunches when suckling her young, and not laying prostrate as here represented. Mr. Lewis's is stuffed and disposed agreeable to the former idea, and which accords with the opinion of most Naturalists and Sportsmen.

Festival



Howitt inv. et f.

The Prolific Hare.

Published May 1, 1801 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FESTIVAL OF THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS, &c.

(Continued from Vol. XVII. p. 300.)

"IF a man is insulted, even in his own house, by persons in masquerade, all that he can do with him, is to take hold of his mask, nose and all, and conduct him in that manner to the guard-house; and, even when he has brought him there, he cannot call him to any account for his insolence, as long as the person continues masked. This must appear strange law; but such are the established customs in countries where the Carnival is celebrated; and the reader may depend upon the truth of what I have here advanced, as I received my information, with regard to this point, from a Gentleman of unquestionable veracity, belonging to the law: he is, what they call in France *Procureur*, which, as far as I could learn, is a degree above an Attorney.—Thus far have I given my readers as circumstantial an account as my opportunities of information would permit. I shall now proceed to give an account of such other sights as engaged my attention.

"Carnival is, in reality, a sight very well worth seeing, and affords a stranger a great deal of pleasure. So great is the diversity of objects, and so great the variety of diverting incidents, that every day, whilst it lasts, is productive of some new entertainment. A spectator thinks himself, as it were, in a scene of enchantment; and the power of fairies, or other aërial beings, seems to be exerted, in order to produce such a variety of gay delusions. At a Carnival are to be seen objects of all sorts, and it is every hour productive of laughable and entertaining incidents. Such strange groupes of fantastic figures have I seen, upon these occasions, that they put me in mind of the following line of Milton:

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

"A surprizing exuberance of fancy is discovered in the variety of disguises assumed at this festival. The most droll and comical thing I observed at it, was on the last day, Shrove Tuesday. There were four young Gentlemen, sons to some eminent Merchants, that rode in a chaise drawn by two white horses of equal size, and in every respect so well matched, that one might apply to them the words of Horace—

"Non compositus melius cum Bytho
"Bacchius."—

Two of them had on dresses to make them represent oxen; the fourth sat on a seat forward, and before the other three, with a dress to represent a bear: each had a mask, which represented the countenance of the animal whose figure he had assumed. He that rode foremost, held the reins of the horses in his paws: the very horses had masks upon their heads, and coverings, to represent unicorns, with large horns sticking out of their foreheads. This droll sight diverted me highly, on account of its oddity: indeed, such strange disguises are assumed at Carnival, that all the metamorphoses of Ovid cannot match the variety of strange figures to be seen at that time. Many at this time rode in coaches; those in the inside had the oddest and most fantastic dresses imaginable: one would have thought that the most prolific and fertile imagination must have been exhausted, and even tortured, to devise them. These revelling sons of Comus do not even observe the precept of Horace,

Horace, against jumbling things of of incompatible and contrary natures—

> " Sad non ut placidis cocant remitior,
> " Non ut —
> " Serpentes avibus jungantur opponas
> tigribus agri."

" Indeed, so motley are the groupes, and so great the gaudy diversity of habits, at a Carnival, that, like the eccentric creatures of the imagination, spoken of by the same author, they may be compared to a sick man's dreams—

> " Cujus velut ægri somnia vanæ finguntur species."

" Occurrences of a comic nature are so frequent at these merry meetings, that we may often accost the spectators in the words of Horace, with a *Risum teneatis, amici?* He that is a coachman at a Carnival generally assumes the figure of some beast. Odd as this custom may appear, it seems to have its foundation in reason; for so brutal is the behaviour of hackney-coachmen amongst us in England, that they seem to be greater beasts than the horses they drive; and, if they were to change figures with their own beasts, they would do very little honour to the race of quadrupeds.

" The liquor drank at the social meetings at Carnivals, may be not improperly compared to the enchanted cup of Circe, which the companions of Ulysses no sooner tasted of, than they lost the human form, and were immediately metamorphosed into animals of various sorts. But the Comus of Milton furnishes so excellent and picturesque a description of these transformations, that I shall make no apology to the reader for setting down the passage at full length in this place.

" The account which our great English poet gives of Comus, is as follows—

> " He, ripe and frolic, of his full-grown
> age,
> Rov[illegible]g the Celtic and Iberian fields,
> At [illegible]st betakes him to this ominous
> [illegible]ood;
> And, [illegible] thick shelter of black shades
> en[illegible]ower'd,
> Excels [illegible]s mother at her mighty art,
> Offeri[illegible] to every weary stranger
> His [illegible]nt liquor in a chrystal glass,
> To [illegible]ench the drought of Phœbus;
> [illegible]which, as they taste,
> (For most do taste through intemperate
> thirst)
> Soon as the potion works, their human
> countenance,
> The express resemblance of the gods, is
> chang'd
> Into some brutish form, of wolf or bear,
> Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
> All other parts remaining as they were.
> Yet, when he walks his tempting rounds,
> the sorcerer,
> By magic power, their human face restores,
> And outward beauty, to delude the
> sight."

And a little above,

> " Who knows not Circe,
> The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
> Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
> And downward fell into a grov'ling
> swine!"

" Comus, who was supposed by the ancients to be the God of Revels and Jollity, may be properly said to be the cause of all the strange metamorphoses of the Carnival; but Bacchus, the God of Ebriety, too often conducts the jovial bands, and they may not be improperly compared to the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine, as our great poet emphatically expresses himself upon another occasion. The most indecent disguises made use of upon these occasions, are those by which the distinction of sexes is confounded, when

when men assume a female dress, and women that of the men.

"All persons that go masquerading, are at liberty to join whatever company they happen to meet. Here you may see a Devil and a Friar walking together as loving as brothers; in another place, a Harlequin and a Quaker; at one time, a Bishop may be seen reeling through the streets quite drunk; and, at another, a Jew devouring a ham of bacon. The young Ladies, generally speaking, assume the dress of Columbines, or Shepherdesses; and I could always observe that they took particular care to discover themselves, in case their dress was elegant, and their persons admired.

"All the pleasures of the Carnival are concluded at night by a ball, conducted with the greatest decorum and decency."

ENTERTAINING *and* SCIENTIFIC ESSAY *against the Common Notions of* BLOOD-HORSES, BREEDING, *&c.*

WHOEVER supposes that Messrs. Heber and Pond, or even Mr. John Cheney, were the first who published accounts of Horse-Racing, will find himself much mistaken; for there lived others, above an hundred years before them, who not only published accounts of Horse-Racing, but acquainted us with the History of Wrestling, Backsword-playing, Boxing, and even Foot Racing, that happened in their days; and from them we learn, also, who were the victors, and how the Racers came in.

Amongst these, lived a man whose name was Homer, a blind or obscure man, (for they are synonimous terms) who occasionally published his Book of Sports; and to him we are obliged also for the pedigree of many Horses that were esteemed the best in his time. This man was said to be poor, in little esteem, and to travel about the country to sell his books; but, though his circumstances were very low, his understanding, it seems, was not, for he always took care to pay his court to the great personages wherever he came, and to flatter them in the Blood of their Horses. But, though he was little esteemed in his life-time, yet his Book of Pedigrees and Genealogy of Horses was thought so useful, that he was greatly honoured for it after his death: and what is more strange, though the place of his nativity was unknown, and no country would receive him as a member of their community when living, yet, when dead, many nations contended for the honour of it; but, whatever arguments each country may produce for the support of its claim, nothing is more evident than that he was an Englishman; and there is great reason to believe he was born somewhere in the North, though I do not take upon me to say it absolutely was so. His partiality, however, to that part of the kingdom is manifest enough, for he pretended to say, that a good Racer could be bred in no place but the North: whereas, late experience has proved that to be a very idle notion. But, as the northern Gentlemen were the first breeders of Racing Horses, so it is very probable they were also the first subscribers to his book; and then we shall find his partiality might arise, either from his gratitude to these Gentlemen, or from its being the place of his nativity, or perhaps from both.

There was in the North, in his time, a very famous Stallion, called Boreas: whether the present breeders have any of that blood left, I do not certainly know; but Homer,

Homer, to flatter the owner, (who was a subscriber to his book, and always gave him two half-guineas instead of one) fabled that this same Boreas begot his colts as fleet as the wind. This, to be sure, will be looked upon as nothing more than a matter of polite partiality to his benefactor; but it is much to be feared this partiality has not been confined to persons alone, for there is reason to believe that, in many cases, he has varied the true pedigree of his Horses, and (not unlike our modern breeders) has left out one cross that has been thought not good, and substituted another, in its room, held more fashionable.

We have an account in one of his books, (I forget the year when it was published) of a very famous Chariot Race that was run over Newmarket, between five Noblemen; and though it was the custom, at that time, to run with a two-wheeled chaise and pair only, instead of four, we find all other customs nearly the same. The names of the horses are given us, their pedigrees, and the names of the drivers; the course is marked out, judges appointed, betts offered, but no crossing or jostling allowed; a plain proof they depended on winning from the excellence of their horses alone. But, though a curricle and pair was then the fashion, there lived at that time a strange mad kind of fellow (haughty and overbearing, determined that no body should do any thing like himself) who always drove three; and though the recital of this circumstance may be considered as trivial, or little to the purpose, we shall find something in the story worth our attention, and, with respect to horses, a case very singular, such a one as no history, no tradition, nor our own experience, has ever furnished us with a similar instance of.

It seems these three horses were so good, that no horses in the kingdom would match them. Homer, after having been very lavish in their praise, has given us their names, and the pedigree of two of them, which it seems were full brothers. He tells us, they were as swift as the wind; and, in his bombast style of writing, says they were immortal. This expression is exactly of the same style and meaning with our modern phrase, *high-bred*, and could mean nothing else; because, in the recital of the pedigree, he tells us they were got by this same north country horse before mentioned, called Boreas, and out of a flying mare called Podarge: but the singularity of this case is, that the third horse, whom he calls Pedasus, was absolutely a common horse, and of no blood.—Here I beg leave to make use of Mr. Pope's words, who, in his Translation, speaking of this horse, says thus:—

> "Who like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
> "A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race."

Now, as nothing is more certain, than that no horses but those of blood can race in our days, I have long been endeavouring to find the true reason of this singular instance, and cannot any way account for it, but by supposing this equality of strength and elegance might produce an equality of swiftness. This consideration naturally produced another, which is, that the blood of all horses may be merely ideal; and if so, a word of no meaning. But before I advance any thing more on this hypothesis, and that I may not be guilty of treason against the received laws of Jockeyship, I do here lay it down

down as a certain truth, that no horses, but such as come from foreign countries, or which are of extraction totally foreign, can race. In this opinion every man will readily join me, and this opinion will be confirmed by every man's experience and observation.

But in discussing this point, I shall beg leave, when speaking of these horses, to change the word HIGH-BRED, and, in its room, substitute the word *foreigners* or *of foreign extraction*; for, perhaps, it may appear that the excellence we find in these horses depends totally on the mechanism of their parts, and not in their blood; and that all the particular distinctions and fashions thereof depend also on the whim and caprice of mankind.

If we take a horse bred for the cart, and such a one as we call a Hunter, and a horse of *foreign extraction*, and set them together, the meanest judge will easily point out the best Racer, from the texture, elegance, and symmetry of their parts, without making any appeal to blood. Allow but a difference in the texture, elegance, and symmetry of parts, in different horses, whose extraction is *foreign*, this principle will be clearly proved, and the word HIGH-BRED of no use, but to puzzle and lead us astray; and every man's daily observation would teach him, if he was not lost in this imaginary error of particular blood, that, generally speaking, such horses who have the finest texture, elegance of shape, and most proportion, are the best Racers, let their blood be of what kind it will, always supposing it to be totally *foreign*.—If I was asked what beauty was, I should say, *proportion*:—if I was asked what strength was, I should also say, *proportion*:—but I would not be understood to mean, that this strength and beauty alone will constitute a Racer, for we shall find a proper length also will be wanted, for the sake of velocity; and that, moreover, the very constituent parts of *foreign horses* differ as much from all others, as their performances.—But this, however, will be found a truth,—that in all horses of every kind, whether designed to draw or ride, this principle of *proportion* will determine the principle of goodness, at least to that part of it which we call *bottom*. On the other hand, our daily observation will shew us, that no weak, loose, disproportioned horse, let his blood be what it will, ever yet was a prime Racer. If it be objected, that many a plain ugly horse has been a good Racer, I answer, that all goodness is comparative, and that such horses who have been winners of plates about the country may be improperly called good Racers, when compared to some others. But I can even allow a very plain horse to be a prime Racer, without giving up the least part of this system: for instance, if we suppose a horse, with a large head and long ears, (like the Godolphin Arabian) a low mean fore-hand, flat-sided and goose-rumped, this, I guess, will be allowed a plain ugly horse; but yet, if such a horse be strong, and justly made in those parts which are immediately conducive to action—if his shoulders incline well backwards, his legs and joints in proportion, his carcase strong and deep, his thighs well let down, we shall find he may be a very good Racer, even when tried by the principles of Mechanism, without appealing to his blood for any part of his goodness.—We are taught, by this doctrine of Mechanism, that the power applied to any body must be adequate to the weight of that body, otherwise such power will be deficient for the action we require; and there

there is no man but knows a cable or cord, of three inches diameter, is not equal in strength to a cord of four inches diameter. So that, if it should be asked, why a handsome coach-horse, with as much beauty, length, and proportion, as a *foreign* horse, will not act with the same velocity and perseverance, nothing will be more easily answered, without appealing to blood;—because we shall find the powers of acting, in a *foreign* horse, much more prevalent, and more equal to the weight of his body, than the powers of acting in a coach-horse: for whoever has been curious enough to examine the mechanism of different horses by Dissection, will find the tendon of the leg in a *foreign* horse is much larger than in any other horse whose leg is of the same dimensions; and as the external texture of a *foreign* horse is much finer than of any other, so the *foreign* horse must necessarily have the greatest strength and perseverance in acting, because the muscular power of two horses (whose dimensions are the same) will be the greatest in that horse whose texture is the finest.

Let us next enquire what information we can gather from the science of Anatomy, concerning the laws of motion.—It teaches us, that the force and power of a muscle consists in the number of fibres of which it is composed; and that the velocity and motion of a muscle consists in the length and extent of its fibres.

Let us compare this doctrine with the language of the Jockey.—He tells us, if a horse has not length, he will be slow; and, if made too slender, he will not be able to bring his weight through. Does not the observation of the Jockey exactly correspond with this doctrine?

If we now enquire into the motion of horses, we shall find the bones are the levers of the body, and the tendons and muscles (which are one and the same thing) are the powers of acting applied to these levers. Now, when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile, or more, with the same velocity as a horse of *foreign* extraction, we do not impute that equality of velocity to any innate quality in the half-bred horse, because we can account for it by external causes; that is, by an equality of the length and extent of his levers and tendons." And when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile, or more, with the same velocity as the other, and then giving it up, what shall we do? Shall we say the *foreigner* beats him by his blood, or by the force and power of his tendons? or can we, without reproaching our own reason and understanding, impute that to be the effect of occult and hidden causes in the one of these instances, and not in the other? both of which are demonstrated with certainty, and reduced to facts, by the knowledge of Anatomy and the principles of Mechanism.

How many instances have we of different horses beating each other, alternately, over different sorts of ground? How often do we see short, close, compact horses, beating others, of a more lengthened shape, over high and hilly courses, as well as deep and slippery ground; in the latter of which the blood is esteemed much better, and whose performances, in general, are much greater?

And how comes it to pass, that horses of a more lengthened shape have a superiority over horses of a shorter make, upon level and flat courses? Is this effected by the difference of their mechanical powers, or is it effected by the blood? If by the latter, then this blood is not

not general, but partial only, which no reasoning man will be absurd enough to allow. But I much fear our distinctions of good and bad blood are determined with much partiality; for every Jockey has his particular favourite blood, of which he judges from events, success, or prejudice: else, how comes it to pass, that we see the different opinions and fashions of blood varying daily? Nay, we see the very same blood undergoing the very same fate: this year rejected, the next in the highest esteem; or this year in high repute, the next held as nothing.—How many changes has the blood of Childers undergone? Once the best, then the worst, now good again!—Where are the descendants of Bay Bolton, that once were the terror of their antagonists? Did these prevail by the superiority of their blood, or because their power and their fabric was superior to the horses of their time?—If any one ask why Danby Cade was not as good a Racer as any in the kingdom, the Jockey could not impute this defect to his blood; but if it should be imputed to his want of proportion, surely it might be held for a true and satisfactory reason.—How many revolutions of fame and credit have all Sportsmen observed in these *high-bred families!*

Numberless are the examples of this kind which might be quoted: but to account for this, one says, "the blood is worn out for want of a proper cross;" another tells us, "that, after having been long in this climate, the blood degenerates." But these reasons cannot be true; because, as we see the offspring of all crosses, and of most ancient families, occasionally triumphant over the sons of the very latest comers, the error then will not be found in the blood, or in the proper crossing: but the defect will be produced by the erroneous judgment of mankind, in putting together the male and female with improper shapes; and while we are lost and blinded by an imaginary good, the laws of nature stand revealed; and we, by paying a proper attention thereto, and employing our judgment therein, might wipe this *ignis fatuus* from the mind, and fix the truth on a sure foundation.

Our observation shews us, that, on the one hand, we may breed horses of *foreign* extraction too delicate, and too slight, for any labour; and, on the other hand, so coarse and clumsy, as to be fitter for the cart than the race. Shall we then wonder that these cannot race, or shall we doubt that degrees of imperfection in the mechanism will produce degrees of imperfection in racing? And when we find such deficient, shall we ridiculously impute it to a degeneracy of that blood which once was in the highest esteem, or to the want of judgment in him who did not properly adapt the shapes of their progenitors?

Shall we confess this, or is the fault in nature? For though most philosophers agree that innate principles do not exist, yet we know, for certain, that in the brute creation, whose food is plain and simple, (unlike luxurious man), the laws of nature are, generally speaking, invariable and determined. If it should be asked, why the sons of the Godolphin Arabian were superior to most horses of their time? I answer, because he had great power and symmetry of parts, (head excepted) and a propriety of length greatly superior to all other horses, of the same diameter, that have been lately seen in this kingdom; which I do not assert on my own judgment, but on the opinion of those who, I believe, understand horses much better than I pretend to do: and it is very probable this horse,

horse, if he had not been confined to particular mares, might have begot better racers than any he did. On the contrary, I have heard it urged, in behalf of his blood, that he was a very mean horse in figure, and that he was kept as a teizer some years before he covered.—What does this prove? I think, nothing more than that his first owner did not rightly understand this kind of horse, and that different men differed in their opinions of this horse's fabric.

If any man, who doubts this excellence to be in the blood, should ask, how it came to pass that we often see two full brothers one of which is a good racer, the other indifferent, or perhaps bad? I know of but two answers that can be given: we must either allow this excellence of the blood to be partial; or else we must say, that, by putting together a horse and a mare, different in their shapes, a fœtus may be produced of a happy form at one time, and at another the fœtus partaking, more or less, of the shape of either, may not be so happily formed.—Which shall we do? Shall we impute this difference of goodness, in the two brothers, to the difference of their mechanism? or shall we say, this perfection of the blood is partial? If the latter, then we must own that blood is not to be relied on, but that the system of it, and whatever is built on that foundation, is precarious and uncertain, and therefore falls to the ground of its own accord.

Whilst this continues to be the rule of breeding, I mean of putting male and female together, with no consideration but that of blood and a proper cross, it is no wonder so few good racers are produced; no wonder mankind are disappointed in their pleasures and expectations; for this prejudice does not only extend to blood, but even to the very names of the breeders, and the country where the horses are bred, though it is beyond all doubt that the North claims the preference of all other places in this kingdom; but that preference is allowed only from the multiplicity of mares and stallions in those parts, and from the number of racers there bred.

I would not be thought, in this, to prefer my own opinion of shape and make to the known goodness of any stallion, but would prefer the latter before the opinion of all mankind.—What then? It is not every horse that has been a good racer, will get good colts: some have suffered too much in their constitution, by hard and continual labour; whilst others have some natural infirmity, that may probably be entailed on their generation.

But the most material thing in breeding all animals, and to which we pay the least regard, either in the race of men or horses, is the choice of the female, who not only joins in the production of the fœtus, but in the formation of it also. And that the female has even the greatest share in the production of the fœtus, will be proved by this instance:—if you take a dunghill-cock and put to a game-hen, and also put a brother of that game-hen to a sister of the dunghill-cock, these chickens bred from the game-hen will be found much superior to those chickens bred from the dunghill-hen.

And here I beg leave to be allowed (without the imputation of pedantry) one quotation from Virgil, who is supposed to have well understood the laws of nature.—In his description of the choice of animals for procreation, in the third chapter of the Georgics, and the

the 49th verse, you will find it thus written—

> "Seu quis Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ,
> Pascit equos, seu quis fortes ad eratra Juvencos,
> Corpora præcipue matrum legat."

But, if I should not escape the censure of the critics on this occasion, I expect the thanks of all the handsome well-made women in the kingdom, who understand Latin, for this hint; and where they do not, I hope their paramours will instil the meaning of it, as deeply as they can, into them.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TO SPORTSMEN.

A new Patent, granted to Mr. JOHN PROSSER, *of Charing - Cross, London, Sword Cutler, for a new-invented* WATER-PROOF PAN *and* HAMMER, *for* GUN *and* PISTOL LOCKS, *&c.*

THE invention here specified is ingenious, and, as far as it can be understood without a reference to the drawing, the following is the principle adopted:—

In common gun-locks, it is well known that the hammer (or that part on which the flint strikes) is placed directly over the pan, which it covers when the pan is shut, and thus protects it from wind and wet. As this, however, is not always a compleat protection, the patentee has contrived another method;—The hammer is nearly of the usual form; but, instead of the common plain screw-pin, round which it revolves, and which attaches it to the stock, the inventor uses a very large pin, of sufficient dimensions to allow of its being hollowed out and perforated; and in this axis of the hammer he places the pan to contain the priming, and to communicate the fire to the chamber of the piece. This large pin serves therefore both to contain the pan and to fix the hammer to the stock, by means of a somewhat conical male screw at one extremity, which enters a corresponding female screw in the stock. The hammer is scooped out at the lower part, in order exactly to fit the cavity of the pan in the above-mentioned pin or axis; and these two cavities are exposed by the falling of the hammer, when struck by the flint.—That part of the large pin which is to the outside, and when the pin is screwed home to the stock does not project at all beyond the eye of the hammer, is secured from wet by another small screw, which exactly fits the eye, and thus entirely shuts up the pin. The pin is perforated through the centre, which perforation reaches from the pan, which it enters, to the end of the screw that enters the stock; and thus the fire from the priming is conveyed through the centre of the pin into the breech of the piece.—To prevent the hammer from falling too far back, when struck by the flint, a small projection is made at the lower part, which catches upon a false pan beneath, in the same manner as with the common gun-locks.

The patentee also makes some alteration in the chamber of the piece, which is to narrow the bore a little beyond the powder-chamber, in order that the ramrod may not quite reach the bottom of the piece, and thus to prevent the powder being much pressed by ramming; which will make it be lighter; and, as he conceives, will cause the explosion to be more instantaneous and powerful.

Patent of the Artillery Company.

IN the Royal Patent of King Henry the Eighth, for incorporating of the Honourable Artillery Company, granted A. D. 1537, is the following clause, *viz.*

"THAT for theyr dysport and pastyme from tyme to tyme, for ever hereafter and perpetually, may use and exercise the shotyng yn theyr Long-bowes, Cross-bowes, and Hand-gonnes, at all manner of markys and buttys, and at the game of Popyemaye, or other game or games, as at Fowle and Fowles, as well as yn oure Citye of London, the suburbes of the same, as yn all other places wheresoever yt be, wythyn thys oure Realme of England, Ireland, Calyce, and our Marches of Wales and ellys where wythyn any of oure Domynyons, oure forestys, chacys, and parks, without oure special Warrant, and the Game of the Heyron and Feysaunt wythyn two miles of any of oure manners, castellys, or other placys, where we shall fortune to be or lye, for the tyme onely excepted and reservyed."

Query, What is the Game of Popyemaye?

Extraordinary Match, to Ride against Time.

CAPTAIN Newland, of the Sussex Militia, having betted a considerable sum that he would ride one hundred and forty miles in twelve successive hours, he started on Long-down Hill, on Thursday morning, April the 2d, and handsomely performed the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes, (principally on hack-horses from the Swan at Chichester) to the astonishment of a very great assemblage of sporting Gentlemen.

		Miles.
The 1st hour he rode		$21\frac{1}{2}$
2d	-	18
3d	-	20
4th	-	18
5th	-	20
6th	-	$16\frac{1}{2}$
7th	-	$17\frac{1}{2}$
34 minutes	-	$8\frac{1}{2}$
		140

N. B. He rode the hundred miles in five hours and five minutes, in which he met with a fall, was once obliged to change his horse, as he became restive, and was once run away with a considerable distance out of the course.—The posts were placed on the admeasured line of the two miles, and he went very considerably without them, so that he certainly went a much greater distance than one hundred and forty miles; which is looked on as a most extraordinary performance.

Extraordinary Match, to Walk against Time.

SPENCE, the chairman, in Paisley, who undertook to walk from the Cross of Glasgow to the Cross of Edinburgh in eight hours, being a distance of forty-two miles, started at five o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the Cross of Edinburgh at twenty minutes after twelve at noon, being forty minutes within the time. He did not appear to be much fatigued; and immediately on his arrival he offered to take a new bet, that he would go to Musselburgh, six miles farther, within the original time. He went the first twelve miles in one hour

hour and twenty minutes; and, during the whole journey, he kept at a kind of trot, or half-run.

Several horsemen started with him; but all the horses were done up, except one, a stout short galloway, which came in with him; as did several other horsemen, who had met him on the road, but their horses were exceedingly warm.

It is said this wonderful pedestrian has been in the habit of travelling express between Glasgow and Greenock, and being acquainted with the drivers of the mail-coaches, when they saw him on the road, and had a spare seat, they would offer to carry him part of the way; but this he often declined, saying, "he had not time to wait for them."

He is a very slender man, with remarkably small legs and thighs, but appears somewhat broad in the chest.

He stopped thrice on the road, about a quarter of an hour each time, and took some refreshments, consisting of a little mulled wine, some jelly, and a slice of ham.

A Good Shot.

AT Bath, lately, an officer of rank made a bet with another officer, of a ball and supper for one hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, that he drove fifteen bullets, at as many shots, through an orange, in the same room in which they sat, at the distance of sixty feet.

Not to incommode the Ladies, he chose an air-gun, and the first shot passed through the very center of the orange. The second, from some unknown cause, varied about a quarter of an inch, the ball taking an oblique direction, and he consequently lost the bet.

The experimentor, however, was so certain of his aim, that he afterwards laid five hundred guineas to four hundred, that he drove nineteen balls out of twenty through an orange, at the same distance; and this he performed, to the great astonishment of the beholders.

Pretty Orange Wenches.

AT the late Newmarket Races, after dinner at one of the public ordinaries, two very handsome girls introduced themselves into the company (smirking at one, and smiling at another) with oranges to sell. They had many *well-wishing friends* at table, and, on exhibiting their fruit, solicited a beginning.

With a frank generous countenance, Sir Henry C—— said, that he would give them each a guinea for an orange, if they would kiss every Gentleman present.—They seemed disconcerted.

"Down with your money!" cried the Duke of B——; which was no sooner said, than the guineas danced upon the table.—"Don't hesitate, or be ashamed, my pretty girls!" said his Grace, "but come forward, and begin with me first."—They did so, and afterwards saluted the whole company alternately, as had been proposed.

His Grace then put a guinea into the plate, and every Gentleman half that sum; which the girls accepted in the most grateful and bewitching manner.

Before they left the room, Sir Harry called out, that, as he had paid higher than any of the company, he certainly was entitled to *double kisses*.—The claim was admitted, and the obligation instantly discharged.

CARD-TABLE TALK.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If you think the following *Jeu d'esprit* worthy insertion, the giving it a place in your justly esteemed Magazine, will oblige, your's, &c.

J. J. BRAYFIELD.

An Evening Conversation, between four very good old Ladies over a comfortable game at Quadrille, at Bath.

1st Lady.

I Have had a melancholy piece of news to day, in a letter from my good friend, Mrs. *Formal*. She tells me, that Mr. Formal's eldest son is certainly turned *Methodist*.

2d Lady. Turned *Methodist!*—Sure, you don't say so!—I am certain, if it is true, it will be a great grief to his parents, who are very worthy good sort of people as ever lived.—Pray, Madam, did you play *Basto?*

3d Lady. I ask leave.—*Hearts*, and the King of *Diamonds*.

4th Lady. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Formal are both much to be pitied; for they have had a great many undeserved afflictions in their family. I think it is but lately their eldest daughter died of a broken heart, because her parents would not let her marry a young officer who was quartered in the town; and now their son is turned *Methodist!*—*Spadille!*

3d Lady. Pray, Madam, what is a *Methodist?*

4th Lady. Indeed, Madam, I don't know.—*Manille!*

1st Lady. O Lord! Ma'am, it is something very bad! I have heard Mr. *Cæcus*, the Sub-dean, preach two excellent sermons against them at the Cathedral. In the one, he told us that their doctrines tended to set aside good works, and to countenance all manner of sin and immorality; and, in the other, he proved that they carried matters a great deal too far, inculcated an unnecessary strictness and preciseness, and were so mighty over-righteous, that they denied good Christians the innocent amusements of life.

All. O! shocking! shocking!

2d Lady. Perhaps this strange turn may be constitutional, and owing to some melancholy disorder that is in the family; and I am sure, if this is the case, there is no madness so terrible, nor so hard to cure, as religious madness; and, for my part, I wish his friends would consult some able Physician in time, for I am really very uneasy about him, as I look upon *enthusiasm* to be ———. O fie! Mrs. Patchup, how could you be so cruel as to trump my King?

4th Lady. I should be apt to think as you do, Ma'am; but I have known the family many years, and never remember any thing of this sort, in any of them, before. Besides, he was always very gay and lively, till he got into this way. Don't you remember, Mrs. *Lurch-'em*, how we admired his dancing last Assizes?

1st Lady. O yes, Ma'am, very well! and at the Races, too. 'Tis really ten thousand pities he should be lost to the world! For I suppose he'll now banish himself from all society, except that of a few poor moping *craters*, that are more likely to encourage him in this unhappy way, than to do him any good.—Lord have mercy! Mrs. *Patchup*, will your trumps never be all out?

2d Lady. I was afraid of a *Sans prendre!*

3d Lady. Poor young Gentleman! 'Tis a pity he should be so mistaken, for I really believe he means well!—I think his friends should endeavour to force him into company,

company, or get the Bishop to speak to him.—*Ponto!*

1st Lady. Mrs. Formal mentions in her letter, that his father got his good friends, Dr. *Plausible* and Mr. Archdeacon *Smoothtongue*, to endeavour to reason him out of his odd notions, but all in vain.—(I protest I had like to have revoked! I think you led *Clubs*, Ma'am?)—Well! the Lord defend me from extremes! I am for keeping in the middle way, and would have every body good, without making themselves particular: but people, now-a-days, must be either saints or devils!

4th Lady. Please to cut, Mrs. *Lurch'em!* 'Tis I to deal.—Pray, Ladies, were you at prayers this morning?

All. O yes, Ma'am!

4th Lady. Did you take notice of that ridiculous figure, Lady *Hasbeen*, in her old turned damask, mended under both arms? She sat in the next pew but one to me.

3d Lady. That I did, indeed; and it is such a nasty, flimsy, greasy dab, that nobody would pick it off the street! I believe she has had it above these dozen years; and, to my certain knowledge, it has been both cleaned and dyed.

4th Lady. Her Maid told my Maid, that she never left off a rag, so long as it would hang on her back.

2d Lady. I looked her full in the face, when I turned towards the altar to say the Belief; but she refused to make me a curtsey. I fancy she was in a sour humour, because Mrs. *Modelove* did not let her pass by her to the upper end of the pew. You know she is a very proud woman.

4th Lady. And so was her mother before her.

3d Lady. I think, Ma'am, that you and she are not upon visiting terms?

2d Lady. No, Ma'am, never since that little tiff we had at cards last Winter. I'm sure she behaved monstrously rude to me; and so I'd have her to know, that I shall never be so mean as to stoop first.

4th Lady. I think, Ma'am, you are quite right, to shew a proper resentment upon the occasion.—*Trump about!*

1st Lady. For my part, I make it a rule never to miss church, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saints days, and did not touch a card all Passion-week; and, if Lady *Gadwell* had not come to town, I question whether I should have played all Lent: however, I give my winnings to the poor.—O, good heavens! I shall certainly be *beasted!*

2d Lady. Though Lady *Gadwell* is an intimate friend of mine, (and I would not say so before every body) yet I am afraid she is one of those who have their religion to choose; for she makes no scruple of eating breakfast on a communion morning, and would fain have had me play at cards on Easter-eve, (a thing which, I thank God, I never did in all my life!) but I had a very good excuse, being engaged to drink tea with Mrs. *Tattle*, and old Lady *Scandal*, who, you know, would neither of them play the night before the sacrament, for all the world. So our party was put off till the Monday, when we played six *pools*.

3d Lady. Indeed, what between one thing, and what between another, I was a good deal hurried myself during Lady *Gadwell's* stay, and wish she had come at some other time; but, I bless my stars, I always found leisure to read over the Psalms and Lessons, when I did not go to church: and, though I was unavoidably engaged, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I went through the *Whole Week's*

Week's Preparation on the Friday and Saturday!—*Spadille!*

4th Lady. I am sure, Ma'am, that's more than could possibly have been expected, considering you had such a particular friend in town.—*Mattadores!*

1st Lady. Pray, Mrs. *Allprop*, where did you buy the salt-fish you had on Friday? It was exceeding good! I am sure I eat so prodigiously, that I was obliged to take a little surfeit-water before I went to bed!

4th Lady. I am very glad you liked it, Ma'am!—I bought it at the corner of the street, and had bespoke some for last Wednesday, but the man disappointed me; so I was obliged to give two shillings a pound for salmon; for Mrs. *Patch-up* and Mrs. *Bolsterup* both know that I never eat flesh-meat on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent.—*Basto!*

3d Lady. I remember dining with you, Mrs. *Allprop*, on King Charles's Martyrdom, after we had been twice at church; and I thought your cook made the best fish-sauce I ever tasted.

2d Lady. As for my part, though I am as much inclined for a prudent compliance with the world as any body, yet I wonder how people can be easy, whilst they lead such bad lives as they do. The world, surely, was never more wicked!—They actually say, that Mrs. *Lurewell* and Captain *Gorget* are much more intimate than they ought to be: and you may depend on it for truth; for it was told me by a Lady, who had it from another Lady, to whom it was communicated by another Lady of undoubted authority, as a most profound secret. So pray, Ladies, let it go no farther, for the world!

All. O! no, Ma'am; no, to be sure!

1st Lady. And good Mrs. *Formal*, in the same letter that she relates the unhappy account of poor Mr. *Formal* being turned *Methodist*, sends me word that Lady *Gaymore* made herself so particular, at the last grand ball, in flirting with Lord *Bellair*, that they are the town's talk; that Miss *Prude* has certainly lain-in privately; and that Sir *Francis Ford* is grown immensely jealous of his wife. But I hate scandal, and therefore only mention this among friends!

3d Lady. Ladies, the Pool is out, and my coach waits. Shall I have the pleasure of your company to-morrow evening, after prayers are over at St. Michael's?

1st Lady. I fancy, Ma'am, we shall none of us choose to miss prayers; and, as we shall meet at church, we can then settle our engagements for the week.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

Of a Regiment, *or* Battalion.

A Regiment is a corporation, which consists of several individuals, detached from Bridewell, the King's Bench, the Fleet, Newgate, and the Compters. But whoever says it is a body politic, are confoundedly mistaken: for would any man, in his sober senses, take the trouble of marching into Spain or Germany, in order to have his brains beat about his ears, when there are so many decent ways of converting one's person to the same use here at home? When London-bridge is situated so conveniently for wetting a poor soul, in this world, that is likely to be over-roasted in the next? And when the elevated cupola of St. Paul's, with tenderness and affection, stands prepared to receive any person who is inclinable to break his neck, with that

that grandeur, pomp, and magnificence, as would do a man's heart good to throw himself off it?

It may be properly termed the church-militant; for they pray heartily when in affliction,—and fast too, when no provision is to be got, with all imaginable humiliation, till the next convoy brings them store of bread and geneva; inspired with which, they are ready to prove their religion orthodox, by the infallible arguments of sword and fuzee, against all its enemies, the Pope, the Turk, and the Devil.

Over a bottle or a flaggon, they swear they love each other like a brother; but the truer expression would be, like a father. And so they do in reality; for the subaltern prays as heartily for his superior officer's hanging, drowning, or knocking on the head, as a young ungodly heir does for that unconscionable long-lived miser, his father.

The very spirit of the Divan is got into our Battalions; they think the removal of one officer the sure way of raising the other; and they are so whimsical, or cruel, as to imagine no pair of stairs so conducive to preferment, as those which are made over the mangled bodies of their dying friends and companions.

I cannot tell how they can call themselves regular forces. 'Tis true, their marching, counter-marching, and encamping, may be methodical enough, when they very often live at discretion, and observe no rule in plundering their friends or their enemies.

Though it is a large body, yet it is as nimble as an eel in the mud, when the Agitant's cane hangs over the head of the battalion, and knows its right-hand from its left at two or three months old; which is more than can be said of ever an infant in Christendom.

They are always more expensive of their powder than of their lead, as they are of their oaths than their money; and it would be dangerous to trust a private centinel with edged tools upon every occasion, who might easily revenge, in a cloud of smoke, the drubs and domineering he received from a *worse* man than himself.

'Tis a very religious society, that is most evident, though not so pretending as some others; for they very civilly go to prayers once a Sunday, when the Chaplain of the regiment is *at leisure* to attend his cure,—and decently rob, plunder, and ravish, all the week afterwards.

They ought to be supposed very good-natured too; for no sooner does a company of them spy a stray lamb, or a pig, but they take the mute orphan into their protection.

They cannot be termed very vicious, when their chastity is so conspicuous, and their designs of change so circumscribed, that a single wench has been paramour to a whole body, and served both in washing their linen and other necessary occasions.

When the whole body is together, you would imagine it able to conquer the universe, and do more heroic actions than the Scythians or Tamerlane; but when the sheaf of arrows is unbound, and each individual stands on his own pedestal, you would protest that Sir John Falstaff was mistaken, and that they are not food enough for powder,—and that their charging with a half-pike too often, has made them incapable of using any other.

They are great lovers of wine; but they don't much relish it in an enemy's country, and had rather pay for it at home than have it abroad *gratis*:—quite contrary to the temper of your London sparks and ladies, who cannot relish a dish of fruit, or green peas, unless they see

see them gathered out of a garden.

There is never a Colonel in Christendom (and that's a proud word) can fill up all the vacancies in a regiment; for still there will be a vacancy in their heads, in their duty, and in their pay.

If you was to view a regiment when foraging, you would imagine them as industrious as a commonwealth of pismires. But, alas! their forage, or their plunder, is never long-lived: they are above saving up for winter; and such an action would resemble a Burgher of Lombard-street, rather than a Gentleman Dragoon or Grenadier.

They are certainly the most familiar of men; for no sooner are they in strange quarters than they think themselves at home, and treat the master, mistress, and servants of the family, as if they had been acquainted with them as many years as they have seen them minutes, and known their very nature better than Case or Trotter could do, upon inspection of their physiognomies.—Says a tall fellow to the hostler, "You son of a whore! Here, draw off my boots!" Whilst a second demands, in as civil a manner, "What makes the bitch of a maid so long in lighting a fire!"

As the ocean, the grave, and a barren womb, are never satisfied with meat and drink, so a regimental stomach can be as little appeased. Bring it all the substantial courses of Leadenhall, Newgate, and Honey-lane markets, it will yet find room for more: and for wine, they could exhaust the palatinate; for you must know, these salamanders are always in a desperate drowthy condition.

They cannot be said to be very cunning fellows; for, as cunning as they are, they often shoot beside the mark. Yet, let the world be of what opinion it will, they ought to be reckoned great flatterers: for, with the wind of their breath, they will blow a man up to the sky.

It is a body which contains several souls; and, though they suffer a purgatory here, and hereafter, it is a great question whether they will be saved as by fire.

We frequently find as many tongues in a regiment, as there were at the confusion of Babel.—But there is no fear of these warriors erecting a tower as high as the heavens; you may depend upon it, they build nothing but sconces.

They never pray, nor use any religious worship, before a battle; that would be mean and cowardly. Besides, perchance, in such a case, they might call again to remembrance some few venial sins, which have long since slipped the gripes of their conscience. Such a piece of folly would, in all likelihood, dispirit and render them less resolute and daring; or, may be, they might put Heaven in mind of some former offences, and then, indeed, the Lord knows what would become of them. For these reasons, they carefully omit that drudgery; and, though good Protestants as ever adhered to the Reformation, yet in this point lean a little to the church of Rome, and are rather inclined that some good Christian people should take the pains to pray for them after they are dead.

If they were to make their wills (as they may easily do) of their goods and chattels, I would advise them to bestow their *modesty* on the Ladies of Covent Garden, their *good manners* on a Middlesex Justice of the Peace, and their *sharpness* on a judicious Baron.

Yet, after all these failings, they have one virtue which nobody can in justice deny them; and that is, their great care of such goods and chattels

chattels as are left behind by a deceased brother soldier. Rest his soul! he has forty executors in an instant, and without the expence of time and money, which they plague us with the loss of at Doctors Commons. Whilst a good fellow may throw down a dram of the bottle, they administer to whatever falls in their clutches, sell the same upon a drum-head without making any inventory, and keep the neat profits (you may assure yourself) for the benefit of the widow or orphan.

Curious Form of Betrothing.

The following singular advertisement appeared in *The Belfast News Letter* of the 10th ultimo:—

Co. Antrim, to wit. } *By W. Miller, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said county.*

THIS day John Wilson, of the town of Antrim, Hosier, came before me, and voluntarily made oath on the Holy Evangelist, that he is promised, by mutual consent, to Elizabeth Brady, daughter of the late John Brady, of Antrim, to marry her, and none other, the 6th day of September, 1799; and she likewise bound herself in the same contract, at same time, to marry no one but me; and deponent farther sayeth not.

John Wilson.

Sworn before me, this 28th day of February, 1801.

W. Miller.

Incidents at Newmarket, *April 7.*

WE have here a crowded meeting, and a good deal of betting. Among the company, are the following Noblemen:—Lord Sackville, Lord Jersey, Lord Villiers, Earl of Clare, Lord Charles Somerset, Hon. Mr Germain, the Duke of Queensberry, Hon Charles Windham, Sir Frank Standish, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart. Lord Colerain, Earl of Clermont, Lord Henry Fitzroy, &c.

For years past there have not been so many horses in training at Newmarket; and the town has been so full for some days, that it was difficult to get accommodation.

All our Sportsmen here, &c. &c. were mortified much at Warter's paying forfeit to Cockfighter, Sir H. T. Vane's horse, now the best in England.

Mr. Whaley's mare, Tuneful, who has bolted every race she ever ran before, was rode in winkers, with her tongue tied with whipcord, and she beat that famous horse Popinjay, who was never before beat. The betting people laid almost any odds that were asked: in short, six hundred guineas to twenty guineas were betted that Tuneful did not win, and any person name the horse that would win the Oatland Stakes.—Chippenham won the Oatlands, upon which vast sums were betted: he is Lord Villiers's horse. Mr. Wilson's Surprise was second, and Expectation third.

At the rooms here, forty-four sat down to dinner; a thing not known for many years.

Sir Ferdinand Poole, Bart. lately had two thorough-bred mares stolen from him by Smugglers. One of them they rode until her hoofs fell off; and, from the blood, she was traced and found languishing in a ditch. The other was better bred; for she would not carry the gintubs, so they abandoned her.—Sir Ferdinand has gone to a consider-

able

able expence in tracing the thieves, and at length found them out: they were tried, and three of them convicted, one of whom he has obtained a pardon for. The bringing them to justice cost Sir Ferdinand upwards of 300l.

Greyhounds.

COLONEL Thornton was the purchaser of Mr. Hodgson's bitch *Dent*. The price, we understand, thirty guineas. In consequence, he wished to give her trial with a dog of his called *Major*, the brother of *Snowball*. From the age of the dog, now six years old, the probability was in favour of the bitch.

A large party of Gentlemen met to see the trial, which took place on Ganton Wold. After a very beautiful course, in which great speed and bottom were exhibited, it was unanimously determined in favour of the *blood of Snowball*.

Mr. Darby, of Aldby Park, has the oldest *Dent*; Major Topham is the owner of the other sister.—They are supposed to be the three best bitches in the kingdom.

Pigeon Shooting.

THE returned Shooting Match between the Hon. J. W. Coventry and —— Barton, Esq. was shot for on Friday (March 27) at North Cray, Kent, and was won by Mr. Coventry, who killed nine birds out of eleven; and Mr. Barton killed seven. Betts, at the commencement, were equal; and, towards the close, five to one in favour of Mr. Coventry.

Likewise a cup, value twenty guineas, given by Mr. Coventry, was shot for by five Keepers, and won by Elliot, Mr. Coventry's Keeper.

A subscription cup was also shot for by eight Gentlemen. This match was warmly contested, five out of them having tied, and were obliged to shoot over again; and it was at last won by Mr. Small.

The whole day's sport was highly entertaining, and it was conducted with great decorum.

The company, which was very numerous, was highly entertained.

A Humorous Mistake.

AN infant was lately taken to be christened at Ringley Chapel, Cheshire, when the Minister asked the mother to name the child, who answered, "*Betty!*"—and the young stranger was accordingly so baptised.

When the parties were leaving the chapel, one of the attendants asked the mother, whether she was sure the child was not a lad?—"Hoh! dear me!" with a long interjection, "so it is!" exclaimed the latter; adding, "I mun ha' it christened o'er again!" Accordingly she ran after the Parson, with the male Betty in her arms.

The Minister wisely and good-humouredly told her to take the child to the Clerk, and he might register it in what name she pleased.—The Clerk complied, and very acutely entered it "*Betty*, otherwise *Peter*;" adding, "he cou'dn't undo what Parson had done, but he would try to mend *it*."

Origin of a Green Gown.

THE origin of this expression (or what formed a great part of the amusements at Greenwich Hill on Monday and Tuesday in Easter

Easter week) is more ancient than is, perhaps, supposed.

There is in the Tower, *inter Brevia Regis Edwardi III. anno* 24, (1351) a Record of the indictment of William Fox, Parson of Lee, near Gainsborough, and others, for that they came to Bredholm, in the county of Nottingham, and then and there forcibly took and carried a certain Nun, named Margaret de Everingham, a sister of the said house, *exuentes eam habitum religiosum et induentes eam* robam viridem *secularem.*—Anglice, *Giving her a green gown.*

Essex Fox-Hunting.

ON Saturday, April 4, a bag Fox was turned out before Mr. Tufnell's hounds, at Broomfield, Essex. Reynard being of a domestic turn, it was with much difficulty that he could be persuaded to afford any sport at all, skulking at every opportunity. But at last taking the valley, he crossed the river twice; after which he made for Chelmsford, and entered the gardens near the church. The horsemen, on the other side the river, were at this time thrown out, and obliged to enter the town by Springfield-lane.

This afforded a complete race through the streets, to the dread of parents and the danger of children.

Some horses which were passing through the town with a waggon, affrighted by the smacking of whips, &c. turned sharp round, broke off the shafts of the waggon, and much injured the thiller, by dragging it on the ground a considerable distance.

The fences of the gardens were so high, (which, however, were soon lowered) the hounds could not make the fox off, and the first *tally ho!* was on perceiving Reynard mounted upon the tiles, near the House of Industry, to which place the subtle animal appeared to have led his followers.

The Nimrods of the town were, by this time, sufficiently alarmed, and were not long present ere the fences to the gardens were scaled, and Reynard was with some difficulty taken in a pig's cote, and again bagged alive, amidst the curses of the women whose fences had suffered.

His good fortune did not, however, stay long with him; for being again turned down on the Navigation Wharf, he made for Springfield, and again taking to the river, crossed at Mr. Marriage's mill, and was killed near the boarded barn, in Chelmsford.

Illegal Pheasant Killing.

STILL *against* TARR.

AT the Somerset Assizes, lately held at Taunton, an action was brought, upon the Game Statutes, to recover the penalty of Five Pounds, for killing a Pheasant without being qualified, and Twenty Pounds for so doing without taking out a certificate.

It appeared that the Defendant's dog had sprung a Pheasant, which he followed into an adjoining field, where the dog stood, and that the Defendant knocked it down with a rake, as it was rising.

The Counsel for the Defendant argued ingeniously against a rake being considered such an instrument for killing Game as was intended by the Statute; but the learned Judge being of a different opinion, the Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff, to the amount of the penalties.

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

In our last Magazine (p. 265) we gave the Title at full, of Colonel Hanger's work; and now, conformably with our promise, commence with Extracts from it. It is to be noticed, that the author begins with his own Life in the first volume, and, after proceeding some way, breaks off, and resumes it in the second, employing the intermediate pages with his advice to Prelates, Cyprians, &c. &c.

THE lives of malefactors, in general, are prefaced with a strong outline of their birth, parentage, and education, with other peculiar circumstances belonging to them. As for instance, *A. B.* was born in the parish of ——, in the county of ——, of reputable and genteel parents: but, falling early in life into bad company, both of wicked men and lewd women, he contracted habits which ultimately———

[Here the author, by an engraving, represents a figure, in person and dress like himself, suspended by a halter to a gibbet.]

I shall not descant on the virtues and superior excellence of my parents. They were well known to the world; and let their characters speak for them. I shall only state, with great brevity, what I knew of and experienced from them.

My father served in three Parliaments, and was one of those respectable, independent, old English characters, in the House of Commons, called Country Gentlemen, who formerly had a considerable influence with the Ministers, and to whose judgments and opinions every Minister paid the greatest respect. They were disinterested, honest men, who had no selfish views, and performed their duty to their constituents unbiassed by any party. I wish from my heart the case was the same in the present day! But I lament that, with nine in ten, the difference is very great indeed; for when an opulent country gentleman, who never has known London but for a short time together, and solely on his own private business, is chosen Member for a county or a great town, he takes a house for the winter, comes to London, and, being elected a Parliament man, becomes Parliament mad!

Now there are two blessings, which, in the nature of things, will be sure to attend him.

First, his wife, for certain, makes him a cuckold.—But more of that hereafter; and

Secondly, instead of doing his duty to his constituents, independent of any party or prejudice, he allies himself to some one *faction* or other; and, if the faction which he joins should chuse to be of opinion that beans and peas are bacon, he gives his assenting voice, and endeavours, wherever he goes, to prove that beans and peas may be bacon, although they are not positively hog's flesh. As he must join one party or the other, the most prudent step for him to take, in these times, is to join Administration; for, although they want no addition to their forces, yet, I dare say, on his leaving London, after having given a whole winter's specimen of his sincerity, the Minister would not refuse making a seventh cousin of his affectionate and loving wife an Ensign of Fencibles.

He now returns to his country seat, where he amuses his brother Fox-hunters with descanting on the political frugality of the Minister, the justness and holiness of the war, or the affluence and extent of our trade and commerce. If on the other side, he exclaims against the enormous expenditure of public money,

money, the barbarous massacre of human lives, and the horrid effusion of human blood; the pressure of the taxes, the accumulation of the national debt, and the corruption of the times.

His affectionate wife, to play her part with some eclat, astonishes *the natives* at the County Race Ball, on appearing with black eyebrows, a flaxen wig, and half naked, in the London fashion.—She invites her gallant to visit her in the country, who generally brings some friend with him to entertain her sister or female confidante. If an officer, he brings a recruiting party into the neighbourhood. The drum and fife delight the servants. The Grenadier-Serjeant and Corporal dance with and make love to the Maids in the hall, whilst the Captain and his friend are doing their best to amuse the Ladies in the drawing-room. Poor, hospitable Bazil, all this time, smokes his pipe, drinks his bottle, entertains his country friends in the parlour with his winter campaign in Parliament; while the Captain, who eats his venison and drinks his wine, that he may not be wanting in gratitude, intrigues with his wife. At the end of the summer, the servant maids have danced themselves into a dropsy with the Serjeant and Corporal, and retire to their relations to be cured; and the sister, or female confidante, goes on a visit, for a few months, to some distant relation, either in Scotland or Wales.—Thus passes the summer campaign.

My father never solicited a place; and, I am confident, he never received a bribe. He purchased the commissions his sons had, during his life: one for my brother, the present Lord Coleraine, in the Blue Horse, and my own in the Guards; both of which I make no doubt but he might have had given him, if he had asked for them, as he was a strenuous supporter of the King and Constitution, though not blindly devoted to the Minister. He was affluent and independent in point of fortune, and had honest pride enough to keep himself so. To conclude my account of him,—I believe, from my heart, he was as honest a man as ever stepped in leathern shoe.

In my mother, I have experienced a most affectionate, kind, and tender parent.—And thus much for my parentage.

I shall proceed now to my birth, education, and transition through life.—I was born at my father's country seat, in the best bed in the state-room, according to ancient custom. Whether I came headforemost or not into the world, or whether I was born with teeth in my gums, or with hair on my head, it will not be expected that I should determine, having no other record to go by than a treacherous memory: but I am inclined to believe, if I may judge from the length of my nose, that at my birth the Midwife committed some indignity to my person. I can, however, assure the reader, that since my godfather and godmother have been released from their baptismal duty, and I have taken upon myself the charge of my own sacred person, I never have been pulled by the nose, or been compelled to soap it.

Many Gentlemen of distinguished rank, in this country, are indebted to the protecting qualities of soap for the present enjoyment of their noses, it being as difficult to hold a soaped nose between the fingers, as it is for a countryman, at a country wake, to catch a pig turned out, with his tail soaped and shaved, for the amusement of the spectators.

I was early introduced into life, and often kept both good and bad company;

company; associated with men both good and bad, and with lewd women and women not lewd, wicked and not wicked:—in short, with men and women of every description, and of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, from St. James's to St. Giles's; in palaces and night-cellars; from the drawing-room to the dust-cart.—The difficulties and misfortunes I have experienced, I am inclined to think, have proceeded from none of the above-mentioned causes, but from happening to come into life at a period of the greatest extravagance and profusion. Human nature is in general frail, and mine, I confess, has been wonderfully so. I could not stand the temptations of that age of extravagance, elegance and pleasure: indeed, I am not the only sufferer, for most of my contemporaries, and many of ten times my opulence, have been ruined.

Besides, money was in those days in such plenty, and the money-lenders had such implicit faith, that any person of tolerable good character had it for asking for; no writings were ever drawn, and millions were lent upon simple bond and judgment. This made it, then, much more easy and convenient for a Gentleman to ruin himself, than at present. In these days of difficulty and obstruction, it requires considerable ingenuity and perseverance; for, with the best security in the world, a man may wear out ten pair of shoes, before he can borrow five hundred pounds, and then must wait a month for the writing to be drawn and approved; in short, for all the wearing and tearing of legal delay.

I was first sent to school at Reading, in Berkshire; and I beg my friends to believe me, when I tell them that I was a very idle boy, and never could be induced to look into a book, until it was forced under the shadow of my nose in the school-room. The consequence was, that the tyrannic demagogue, my master, was used to beat me with such cruelty, that, on the kind representation of my brothers, I was removed from such a scene of barbarous discipline. This tyrant did but seldom use the rod: his favourite instrument was a long rattan cane, big enough to correct a culprit in Bridewell. But this was not all: the savage used to refine on his punishment, and to gratify his infernal feelings, by varying the modes of it. The shrieks of the boys, who were writhing beneath his blows, were music to his soul. But to the proof:—

Whenever he found out that two of the big boys had been fighting, he caused them to strip to their shirts in the public school-room: he then gave to each a large bending rattan cane, about three feet long, and ordered them to strike at each other with all their force; while he presided with a similar weapon, and whenever there appeared to be a relaxation of activity in either of the unwilling combatants, he compelled them, by his own violent strokes, to renew theirs. I declare to God, that I have seen wheals on the sides, ribs, and arms of boys, of the bigness of my finger. This brute, had he been master of Westminster or Eton, would, in less than a fortnight, have been tossed in a blanket by the upper boys. The fellow had also another pleasant amusement:—if a boy had not washed his face very clean, he used to have it rubbed with the coarsest horse-hair cloth that could be made.

Some years after, when at Eton school, and a very big boy, I have often wished to be sent to Reading again, that I might have had the satisfaction of soundly threshing the brutal pedagogue. I declare, on my

my honour, were a Schoolmaste to inflict such punishment on a child of mine, I would cudgel him as long as I could stand over him.—A child of mine! ! ! ! ! Yes—a child of mine shall be treated in a different manner: instead of correcting him when he fights, his Tutor shall be ordered to give him a crown every battle he delivers, and half a guinea if he is victorious in the combat; and, should he beat a boy much bigger and older than himself, he shall receive a guinea. Yet, at the same time, he shall not be encouraged to fight for the sake of the money to be awarded him, but only to resent injuries. Such principles, instilled into him at an early age, I am convinced, will teach him, in maturer life, to resent insults with a proper spirit, but will not by any means dispose him to be quarrelsome. Take two boys of equal age and equal dispositions:—let the one be kept under the master's eye, and never out of his sight; forbid him positively to fight, and let all those who strike or insult him be punished severely:—let the other mix with his school-fellows, and, if struck or insulted, resent the injury by instantly delivering battle:—the former will contract tyrannical and cowardly habits, which will accompany and disgrace him through life; and the latter will be bold and liberal, but by no means more quarrelsome than his neighbours.—Such characters as the former have I seen even at Eton: they were proud, insolent, and cowardly, and have continued so to the present hour, without any alteration but what years have made in them.

From Reading, I was sent to the Rev. Mr. Fountain's, at Mary-le-bone: the present Dr. Fountain was under master to his father. This was certainly the best school for little boys that ever was: they were treated with the utmost kindness and attention, and with proper correction, but only when it appeared to be absolutely necessary. Mrs. Fountain was the best and most attentive of women to the small boys: she had them every morning in her own room, and made them learn their lesson to her, which prepared them before they went into the school-room to the Doctor. She used to coax them to learn, by giving them biscuits and milk, and shewing them various other kindnesses. She might rather be considered as a mother, than a school-mistress, to the children under her care. Whatever I learned was from kind and gentle treatment; for beating would not go down with me. A kind word, and my lesson explained to me, had more effect than all the sticks and rods in Christendom; for I was bold and daring, even at that early age.

Before I quit my worthy friends, the Fountains, whom I shall never cease to remember with regard, I must relate a very ludicrous scene between me and the celebrated French tooth-drawer, (or dentist, as I suppose he must now be called) Monsieur Laudomier, who used to attend, at certain times in the course of the year, to examine the boys teeth, and take out such as were defective. He had drawn out one of mine, which gave me great pain, and wanted to draw another: a ceremony which I did not approve; but the more teeth he drew, the more guineas in his pocket.—Perceiving, however, that I was resolute, and would not consent to a repetition of his operation, he endeavoured to play me a trick, by concealing his instrument in his handkerchief. He accordingly prevailed on me to open my mouth, that he might feel with his finger and thumb whether the tooth was

loose

loose or not; but the moment he got his thumb on my under jaw, he attempted to hold my mouth open by force, and had nearly fixed the instrument on my tooth; but I gave him a violent kick on the shins, which rather deranged him, and at the same instant caught his thumb fast between my teeth, and gave him a small item to remember me as long as he lived. I then ran off, leaving him jumping about the room, from excessive pain; and I shall probably be believed, when I assert that he never after attempted to draw any teeth of mine.

From Mary-le-bone I went to Eton, where I really made considerable progress in my learning; and, by the time I got into the fifth form, I was a very tolerable Latin scholar, and could construe most books with sufficient readiness. But I took a most decided aversion to the Greek language, and never would learn it.

My studies, however, after some time, had a different direction; for, from the moment I came into the *fifth form*, I studied every thing but my book. My hours out of school, in the day, were employed in the sports of the field, being already very fond of my dog and gun. By night, game of another kind engrossed my whole attention. At that early period, I had a most decided preference for female society, and passed as much time in the company of women as I have ever done since. A carpenter's wife was the first object of my early affections; nor can I well express the nature of my obligations to her. Frequently have I risked breaking my neck, in getting over the roof of my boarding-house, at night, to pass a few hours with some favourite grizette of Windsor. During the latter part of my time at Eton, to *perfect* my *education*, I became attached to, and was much enamoured of, the daughter of a vender of cabbages. Ovid's Epistles were totally laid aside for his Art of Love, in which we made a very considerable progress. The big boys had a very wicked custom, every Sunday, of resorting to Castle prayers at Windsor; not to seek the Lord, but to seek the enamoratas who constantly and diligently attended to receive our devotions. Besides, in Summer time, it was our custom to walk in the public promenade in the Little Park. My father lived only six miles from Windsor, and consequently I was as well known to every family in that town, and neighbourhood, as the King himself; but, notwithstanding this, I constantly walked with some fair frail one, arm in arm, with as much *sang froid* as I now would walk in Kensington Gardens with a beautiful woman.

(To be continued.)

FALCONS, *from* BARRINGTONIA.

FROM the expence which attended the keeping of Falcons, they are always represented on the hands of Princes and their descendants; and it was indeed expensive, and required so many attendants, that few could afford such an establishment; but those who did not themselves keep Falcons, or Falconers, were frequently obliged, by the grants of their lands, to procure them annually for those under whom they held their estates.—Littleton, in his Treatise upon Tenants in Common, puts the instance of two tenures in common granting a lease of land, upon condition of the tenants paying every year a Falcon; and he determines, very seriously, that they should have but one assize for it, "*Car homme ne doit faire un pleint en assize de la mortie d'un esperver.*"—Now cases are generally put

put by Lawyers, which most commonly happen in the times they live in; and it need not be said, that such a case could not, at present, be mentioned without ridicule.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Though no Sportsman myself, yet, as a man of enterprize and spirit, and for such you say you write, whenever I am in a melancholy fit I always take up your Magazine, and with some of its wit, drollery, or eccentricity, it is ten to one but I conclude at last that I am by no means that unhappy mortal I thought myself.—The following Dissertation upon Lunacy, I think to be something in your way; it will certainly please others as it has pleased me, and whenever I meet with any thing of this nature, you may depend upon

QUIZ.

UPON LUNATICS OUT OF HOSPITALS.

PERHAPS you may suppose I am to take up the subject in a medical light; and some of your readers may pass on to the next article, as not having taste for "'potecaries' stuff;" but this is not my intention, nor are disquisitions *secundem* that *artem* in my way. It is more within my humble province, as a spectator of men and things, to remark, that the public have fallen into a grievous error in supposing that Bethlem, St. Luke's, and a few private receptacles, in the vicinity of London, contain all the madmen within the bills of morality. It is, no doubt, very flattering to think so; and what we think in our own favour, we do not scruple to say: "Vain man would be *wise*, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." Yet it is an egregious error; and I think the celebrated Montesquieu was of my opinion, for he long ago remarked, "that, by building professed madhouses, men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places."* It would be a fine compliment to the majority of mankind, if it could be proved that neither Bethlem nor St. Luke's had any *out-patients.* A man would rather be thought to associate with the wise than with the foolish; but I strongly suspect, that, until our public receptacles are enlarged, he will find this extremely difficulty as a matter of choice; nay, if he speak truth, he will allow that it is impossible to class himself among those who never stand in need of a little temporary confinement, salutary constraint, and lowering diet. For my own part, while I lament my inability to make the selection I could wish, I am obliged to listen to ravings as well as reasonings. I am not insensible that I may occasionally have had a *touch*; for I do firmly believe (with submission to the faculty be it spoken) that some kinds of madness are infectious and *endemic*, if not *epidemic*. I have known a whole village, not far from London, quite *distracted* about a dispute which happened at an assembly, when the villages adjoining had nothing of the kind. In the city, a parish will often be out of its senses about the choice of a constable or churchwarden; and, not many years ago, all the inhabitants of the ward in which I live, had their heads turned about a common sewer. But these are partial frenzies; let us advert to the public at large.

It has always appeared to me to be a very inconsistent thing, that while we are eager to catch the first symptoms of a bodily disorder, and

* I quote from a quoter, and so cannot, like modern annotators, give you the *op. cit. col.* or *lin.*

and apply for the best advice, we should be so negligent as to let mental disorders take their own course, and never become sensible of the absurdity of such neglect until some accident awaken us; and even then, all the atonement we make, is a *wise* recollection, an *ex post facto* enumeration of the remedies that ought to have been administered, and a thousand or two of tender pities that they were not administered sooner; nay, perhaps, in the insolence of compassion, we go a little farther, and assert our having foreseen all that has happened, as if foresight, and the means of prevention, ought not to be inseparable companions. Of all prophets, there are none so eminent as those who foretel things that have happened, and whose wisdom, like a will and testament, is never disclosed until the party is dead. But surely, Mr. Editor, some penalty ought to be attached to such *post obit* sagacity. We have a severe law against the concealment of treasonable plots, although we should not be concerned with them; and I verily think that *misprision* of madness ought to be punished with equal rigour. Why should it be thought unwarrantable and inhuman to allow a man to go out of doors with the symptoms of fever or inflammation upon him, and no crime at all to permit the same man to mix in society, with every appearance of a defective understanding? What I contend for, therefore, is, that we should carefully watch the first symptoms of lunacy, that we may prevent the fatal consequences of it to the party or his friends. *Veniente occurrite morbo* may be too trite to be repeated; but I hope it is too just to be despised: and I really believe the reason why less attention is paid to it than it deserves, is, because we have narrowed the bounds and limits of lunacy. We have confined its *species* to a few enumerated in medical writings, and this, probably, out of compliment to the buildings above-mentioned, which can hold only a certain number, or to our incapacity to erect premises sufficient to confine the more common, and, I will venture to assert, in many respects, the more dangerous kinds of this disorder. The latter objection, however, I humbly conceive might be obviated in a great measure, because the species of lunacy which I shall notice, are principally incident to people of some considerable rank and fortune, who might easily spare a little of their wealth for their cure, provided it were attempted in time; they might then, when the *delirium* of Brookes's or Newmarket had come to its height, be able to say,

When house and land are gone and spent,
A *madhouse* is most excellent.

But to proceed to particulars, I shall exhibit the following case:—A. B. aged twenty-four years, hale constitution, delicate shape, *round head*, &c. inherited a clear paternal estate of Five Thousand Pounds a year, together with a very large sum of ready money which had accumulated during his minority. It is scarcely the space of four years since he came into the possession of this fortune, and it is all spent, and its survivor lives, if it may be called living, on precarious contingencies. And this large portion of wealth was dissipated in so short a time by the phrenzy of gaming.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me ask you, or rather let me ask those learned gentlemen, Drs. Monro and Simmons, whether they ever met, in Bedlam, or St. Luke's, with a more confirmed case of lunacy? If rational creatures are to be judges, if the eternal principles of reason, logic, propriety, with the natural

tural bias and law of self-defence, are to decide, ought not this person to have been deemed a lunatic and put under proper care, and every thing hurtful removed from him, from a pack of cards to a blood-horse, until he had recovered his senses? Were not his friends very blameable to permit him to go about with such a disease on him, in the foolish hope that it would cure itself, until his unhappy case is past all remedy, and he has not only murdered his property, but laid violent hands on his character? What would have been more easy than to prevent all this? The first *game* ought to have been carefully watched; strong symptoms of anxiety about the *odd trick* might have given the alarm: frequent visits to the race-ground are almost always marks of derangement; and a subscription to one of the gaming-houses is a certain proof that the patient is in a very bad way. I have had some little experience in these matters, from a disposition, perhaps often a disagreeable one, to give advice unasked. I have been able to point out the approach of lunacy in a *shuffle*; and I have seen it in a *suit* of *law*; sometimes I have beheld the fit coming on in St. James's street; but of all places, the most dangerous for infection is a stable.

I have stated the above as belonging to the species of madness which are unaccountably shut out of the hospitals, and which are never the object of the Lord Chancellor. This is a vast injury to the public, because such cases are, above all others, the most infectious. There are many others which, however, it might be thought tedious to enumerate. I shall, therefore, instead of a dry detail of incurable cases, which stare us every day in the face, offer, with all due deference, a few directions for the prevention of such disorders, by timely interference; and, as nothing can contribute more to this desirable end, than the *semeiosis*, or knowledge of the symptoms, I shall briefly state what I have found by experience to be infallible marks and evidences of approaching madness.

When a young man of great wealthy expectations keeps, during his minority, a stud of horses, and frequents races, and in his conversation betrays much of that kind of knowledge, which we expect more naturally from horse-dealers and jockies, it is a sure proof that he is a *little touched*.

When a young man has contracted, during his minority, more debts than he has the means to pay after coming to his estate, without selling some part of the same, and yet continues a subscriber to gaming-houses, and in all his bargains with tradesmen higgles about nothing but the day of payment, it is a sign that he is very much *deranged*.

When a lady sits up all night at cards, and either loses or wins (for there is in such cases no difference between losing and winning) a sum disproportionate to the interest of the money she brought to her husband, or to the settlement he has made upon her, or to the allowance he grants for her personal expences, or, finally, to his whole fortune; and if, upon a gentle hint of the impropriety of those risks, she drops any incoherent words, as "fashion—company—spirit—shabby—paultry—genteel"—or any such expressions as have no kind of meaning, a *temporary confinement* is indicated in the clearest manner.

When a young married man spends more of his time *per annum* in subscription-houses, clubs, and on race-grounds, than with his family, and neglects his *wife* for the company of ladies of suspicious and suspected character; if, when cen-

 sured

sured, his eyes appeared inflamed, his speech quick and loud, and the word "sword" be mentioned, it is a strong presumption, that if there is not already somewhat wrong about his *head*, there soon will be.

When a couple, just set up in business, by the assistance of their friends, and principally with borrowed money, launch out in an expensive style of living, giving fashionable dinners, keeping late hours, and frequenting public places, instead of finding or seeking comfort, or quiet at home, you may be certain that the husband at least is *non compos*.

When you meet with a man who possesses an Hundred Thousand Pounds acquired by trade, and yet will not be content, but risks the whole in a speculation (whether to enrich himself, or beggar his neighbours, is not material), and finds no happiness but in ideas of accumulation, in "adding house to house, and field to field," without any purpose of public benefit, of enlarged benevolence, or even of private charity, it is high time that his affairs were put into the hands of *trustees* for the benefit of his family, and the mortification of the public executioner.

When a parent allows his sons as much money as they can spend, or are pleased to demand; when he delights to see them well mounted, rather than well-taught, and enter with spirit into the *arcana* and mysteries of fashionable life; when he considers keeping a girl as seeing the world, and the violation of confidence as an affair of gallantry; there is an immediate and very pressing necessity of applying to the Court of Chancery, to appoint proper guardians for these forlorn youths during their father's *melancholy incapacity*.

When a preacher of the gospel is seen less in the pulpit than in the club-room, dealing more in cards than doctrines, exclaiming oftener in oaths than in pious indignation, denying in actions the virtues he recommends in words, disgracing the belief to which he has sworn, and fleecing the flock he was appointed to feed, I never entertain any doubt of *madness* in such a case; and the public good would require *stripping* and confinement: yet what should be the place of confinement has been a disputed point, because, in this instance, there is such a mixture of rogue and fool, that it would be very difficult to decide on the respective claims of Bethlem and Newgate.

When a man, connected with another in partnership, and a trade flourishing by its natural progress, is seen whispering with a particular class of men, in a certain Alley near the Bank, and that without the knowledge of his partner, his *lunacy* may be ascertained by his frequently using the wild and incoherent words,—"bull account—bear account—an eighth—a quarter—scrip—omnium," &c.—This species of madness is remarkable for being attended with *lameness*.

I might add to this list of symptoms a few others, but I perceive my letter is already extended rather too far; I should else, perhaps, have noticed some of our new philosophers; but they have taken so much pains to describe their own cases, that they are now sufficiently known, and some of them, I hope, in a fair way of recovery. I shall, therefore, only add, that if the public attention be drawn to the subject of this letter, it will be proper to consider of raising a fund for the erection of receptacles sufficiently capacious for the objects I have recommended; and this, I trust, will not be difficult. The liberality of the public is never wanting, when the object is that of pure benevolence;

lence; but here there would be such a return in the articles of public, family, and individual safety and happiness, that I cannot despair of a handsome subscription. But it is not necessary to dwell at present on this topic. I am your's, &c.

OL. OLDSTILE.

Opposite Moorfields, March 1801.

A Cut upon the Conjuror.

A Trial at Guildhall, Westminster, before WILLIAM MAINWARING, Esq. on the 10th April.

JOHN ROWE was indicted for defrauding Sarah Hall of the sum of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

It appeared the prisoner was one of those modern Sidrophels,

" Who deal in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair."

He had announced his celebrity in resolving all questions appertaining to future events in a hand-bill, addressed to the Ladies only, in which he acquainted them he attended at his Evening Planetarium, N° 5, Exeter-street, Strand, at a Mangler's, the end next Catherine-street, up two pair of stairs, where he answered all lawful questions, calculated nativities, &c.

Sarah Hall, a woman well stricken in years, (somewhat about fifty) having heard of his marvellous great fame, determined to visit him, and, through the medium of his influence with the stars, acquire the knowledge of her future destinies. She had never submitted to the chains of matrimony, consequently her enquiries chiefly tended to ascertain whether the Fates had ordained her to a life of celibacy.

Having deposited the usual symbol, which was half a crown, the disciple of Zoroastes proceeded to unfold the high behests of Heaven: he faithfully delineated her horoscope, traced the planets through their several houses, and discovered by mystic lore who was lord of the ascendant at her birth. Having systematically arranged their several aspects, he exclaimed, with the inspiration of the Cumæan Sybil, "that the Fates were propitious to her wishes; that Mars and Venus were in conjunction, Virgo and Gemini sextile, and Mercury lord of the seventh house, the very hour she was born, and consequently that these appearances denoted marriage and a numerous progeny." —Her having hitherto lived a single life, he said, was attributable to the malign influence of Saturn, but that it would no longer prevail; he therefore desired her to go home, and assure herself of approaching happiness.

He informed her, she would be first courted by a dark man, with broad shoulders, dark hair, large dark eyes, bushy eye-brows, and thin legs; but he was not the man she was to have. The husband for whom the stars intended her, was a fair man, with light hair and blue eyes, and very wealthy: she was to see him, for the first time, within a few days.—He likewise informed her, she might gain a considerable sum of money, if she would insure a certain number in the Lottery.

The old Lady was all extasy at the idea of her good fortune. She left the mysterious apartment, returned to her house, and communicated her approaching nuptials to all her acquaintance. She waited with the utmost impatience, but neither dark nor fair man made his appearance. She insured the number in the Lottery, as she had been directed, but it never came up; and, in addition to her other disappointments, she lost her money.—

Happening

Happening to inform a friend, who had more wisdom than herself, of the cause of her expectations, he advised her to apply to a Magistrate; which she did, and the *pseudo prophet* was apprehended, his magical apparatus and books seized, and himself incarcerated.

The facts having been fully substantiated, the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

He said he was a poor man, a Carpenter by trade, and, by the exercise of his profession, had hitherto maintained a wife and large family; but that such was the pressure of the times, though he worked as hard as ever he did, he could not support them; that his wife had been just brought to bed, and he was unable to provide her with the comforts her situation required; and that as he found, in this age, every state was upheld by deception, he therefore thought there could be no harm in his gaining a trifle, by availing himself of the public credulity.

The Jury found the prisoner—*Guilty*.

The Chairman observed, that, however such a cause as this might provoke laughter, it was really an offence which was of the most serious tendency, and might be productive of the very worst consequences.

The prisoner promised, if the Court would be merciful to him, that he would never again be guilty of a similar offence. He begged to have his magical books returned, as he had only purchased them on credit, and the Bookseller had threatened to summon him for their value. This application was not granted.

The prisoner was then sentenced to a further confinement of one month.

Duke of Richmond's new Race Ground.

THE new Race-course on the Harroway, near Goodwood, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, is now completely formed for sport, and much admired by acknowledged amateurs of the Turf.—The races for this year are fixed for Monday and Tuesday, the 27th and 28th of the present month, and are as follow:—

FIRST DAY.

A Hunter's Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds, for all horses (the property of subscribers) that have been hunted fairly this season with the Duke of Richmond's Fox-Hounds; to carry twelve stone, the best of three two-mile heats; to be rode by Gentlemen only.—For this plate seven horses are entered.

Same day, a Sweepstakes of Ten Guineas each, (not less than five subscribers) for horses having been hunted as above, carrying ten stone each, to be rode by Gentlemen; one two-mile heat.

SECOND DAY.

A Hunter's Plate of Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. carrying ten stone; the qualifications for which are to be the same as for the first day's plate. Heats of two miles each, to be rode by Gentlemen.—The Entrance List exhibits five for this plate.

Same day, a Sweepstakes, free for any horse, (the property of subscribers) carrying eleven stone, two-mile heats; to be rode by any person, not a public rider; and the winner to be sold for twenty guineas, if demanded within fifteen minutes after the race: the owner of the second horse to have the preference.—Three horses are named to start for this Sweepstakes.

Two

Two guineas are paid for the entrance of each horse, for the plates, before the 1st of April; but, if named between the 1st and 15th, four guineas. The whole to go to the second best horse in each race. —The horses are to start each day, for the plates, at one o'clock, and to have half an hour allowed between each heat.

All matches are to be run for between the heats of the plates.

A Ball, at the Swan, is to conclude the amusements of each day.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The CHARACTER *of a* GOOD-FELLOW, *&c. taken from Life.*

O tempora! O mores!

HOW many there are who give up every pretension to the character of a Good Man, for the name of *a Good Fellow!* And what is a Good Fellow?—Why a graceless young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the "grey hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave."—This is a *Good Fellow!*—Sometimes, in visiting the hospitable mansion of a friend, he corrupts the son, or debauches the daughter; and, yet, he is a *Good Fellow!*—He perhaps marries,—but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtlessly profuse abroad, he dissipates that which should support his family, returning but to insult and distress them; yet he is generous over a bottle, and must be a *Good Fellow!*—At last, his money runs short, and he would borrow of his friends: few will lend, and those few he forgets to pay, till every one avoids him, and he is no longer a welcome visitor even to mine hostess; for then he is no longer a *Good Fellow!*

GRIPUS goes in a thread-bare coat, as coarse as it is ragged; his diet is poor and scanty; he is as much fretted how to lay out the round hundred saved, as many an honest man is to find the means of paying the necessary expences of his family: he suffers every inconvenience of actual penury, for the name of being rich.—While, on the other hand, POMPILLUS, by keeping up an uneasy shew of grandeur, is every day hastening into irretrievable poverty, lest the world should discover that he is poor a very little sooner.

GIBUS is careless to whom he gives pain, or whom he makes his enemy, so fools laugh at and admire his wit. The common butts of his, and every would-be-witty blockhead's raillery, are the *Devil*, the *Priest*, and the *Fair Sex*. As to the first, every one should know best how free he may safely make with his friend; but the sacred function of the Clergy should, methinks, exempt them from wanton and general abuse. And methinks that sex which brings us into the world, our painful nurses in our infancy and sickness, and the most intimate companions of our lives, are not fit objects for senseless raillery.

LIBIDNIO, by hints and whispers, scandalizes every young woman who is so foolish as to keep his company, to gain the glorious title of "*The Man of Gallantry*"—Yet there are some sagacious people we think his father's Ram more than equals him in that sort of triumph, only Old Beardy is not his own trumpeter.

G. W.

BOTANY

BOTANY BAY THEATRICALS.

Our Readers may, perhaps, be amused with the following Record of the *fashionable entertainments* of the inhabitants of Botany Bay. Who knows but the Drama, and the Stage, may yet derive support from this colony?—We need scarcely add, that, at the enchanting representation mentioned below—all the spectators were *transported!*

MRS. PARRY's NIGHT.

(*By permission of his Excellency.*)

AT the THEATRE, SYDNEY, Saturday, June 1, 1799, will be presented,

FORTUNE's FOOL.

Ap Hazard (for that night only) Mrs. Parry; Sir Charles Danvers, by P. Parry*; Tom Seymour, by J. White; Orville, by W. Smith; Samuel, H. Parsons; Sir Bamber Blackletter, G. H. Hughes; Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. M'Cann †; Miss Union, Mrs. Radley; Lady Danvers, (for that night only) Mrs. Miller.

After the Play, a new Occasional Address ‡ will be spoken, by Mrs. Parry.

To which will be added,

BON TON.

Sir John Trotley, G. H. Hughes §, Colonel Tivey, W. Smith; Lord Minikin, W. Knight; Jessamy, H. Parsons; Davey, J. White; Lady Minikin, by Mrs. Radley; Gymp, Mrs. Sparks ||; and Miss Tittup, Mrs. Parry.

Boxes 5s.—Front Boxes 3s. 6d.—Pit 2s. 6d.—Gallery 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mrs. Parry, and of W. Miller.

Doors open at half past five, and begin at half past six.

AN HEBDOMINAL DIARY.

From the LIFE of JOHN EASY, Esq. Pedestrian, and Amateur of BROUGHTONIANISM, &c.

MONDAY MORNING.

GOT up at ten o'clock—drank chocolate—went to the Custom-House—came back again—gave away a penny to a man with one arm.

At one o'clock went to Dolley's—dined heartily—walked, as usual, to Newington-green—took a turn round Mr. Desborough's garden—called, coming back, at Pelah's—had a pint of ale.

Six in the Evening, got home—smoked a pipe—drank tea—went to Dolley's—had half a pint of gill.

Nine o'clock, went to the coffee-house—lost three games at draughts.

Note, Huff'd three times—very careless to-night—went home to bed.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Got up at eight—drank tea—hurried away to Broughton's amphitheatre—paid a crown for my seat—Tom-boy a very good second—tolerable battle enough.

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* P. Parry, convict for life, late Grocer in Oxford-street, London; highway robbery.

† Mrs. M'Cann, convict (by Britannia transport) for seven years; London brothel-keeper, St. Mary-le-bone.

‡ Written by Michael Massey Robinson, Clerk to the Judge Advocate.

§ Hughes, a Printer, prisoner.

|| Sparks came out a free woman, and lives with Vandercomb, who is a steady fellow.

Frances Grosvenor, alias Foy, convict by Britannia transport, for seven years, from London Cyprian corps; and Pavey, a quondam grocer in Oxford-street;—Occasional Performers.

Out

One o'clock, went to Dolley's, dined, and had half a pint of gill as usual—gave an account of the battle to the Gentlemen in the back room—Mr *Gripe* eat three pound of beef-steaks—had a good deal of discourse in the back room about Broughton, Slack, the *Barber*, and others—they allow me to be a very good judge.

Four o'clock, went to Newington-green as usual.—Form'd a project for wet weather, to walk across my room till I go as many steps as carry me to Newington, for which reason told my steps this day (number 10,105) to Mr. Desborough's door—came back again.

Eight o'clock, got home—had fresh tea made by Mrs. Butters—went to coffee-house—talked a good deal about the battle at Broughton's, had half a pint of red Port, and went to bed.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Seven o'clock, got up, being called by the maid—had chocolate—went away in a coach to see the execution at Tyburn—sat in the gallery opposite the gallows, from whence I was so fortunate as to see a deserter shot in Hyde Park, much about the same time.

Memorandum—Did not see any pigeons thrown up, as is customary.

One o'clock, arrived at home—dined with Mrs. Butters, and read the dying speech of the malefactors to her—sat at home, and smoked a pipe.

Three o'clock, begun to rain hard—went up stairs into my own room, and began to put my walking project in practice—Mrs. Butters sent up to know if I was ill—returned from Newington *(without going there)* about five o'clock—told Mrs. Butters the scheme, and laughed heartily—staid at home all the evening—played at Piquet, and went to bed.

THURSDAY.

Got up at ten—no execution or boxing-match to-day—feel a very great pain in my toe—fear a return of the gout—go to coffee-house—hear a dispute about the Dutch and East Friesland—things don't go so well in Germany as I would have them.

One o'clock, go to Dolley's, dine there, gill as usual—go to coffee-house—great pain in my toe hinders my walk to day—play at Backgammon with young Mr. Rattle; won two half-pints of him—threw *sices* three times running—lost the last hit for want of entering one man.

Nine o'clock, returned home—went to bed, and slept very indifferently.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Toe something better—got up about eleven o'clock—had chocolate—went to the coffee-house—dislike the *Inspector* of to-day—the *Fool* pretty tolerable.

One o'clock, went to Dolley's, dined, gill as usual—small drizzling rain—went home—set out, in my chamber, for Newington, but could not go above 5003 steps, my toe beginning to pain me violently—sat down, and read the "History of the National Debts" till bed-time—went to bed, after having had something warm from Mrs. Butters—slept very well.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Toe very well—got up at nine—was shaved—dined—gill as usual—went to the Old Bailey—Macpherson tried, and condemned—lost my pocket-book, while the prisoners were receiving sentence of death.

At four set out for Newington—reached Dogget's Bar, when it began to rain—returned home—having gone forward two thousand steps, walked out the rest in my chamber.

At seven, drank tea with Mrs. Butters—a female stranger there, with red hair and a green spotted shade—much talk about Miss Blandy and Cranstoun—the former not guilty, in that Lady's opinion.

At nine, went to the coffee-house—lost three half-pints at draughts with Mr. Moveman—staid till eleven—returned home, and went to bed.

Upon the Buckism of the former and the present Times.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Though the following is a kind of *Family Manuscript*, it is at your service. The old boy, my father, never talks of it but with rapture, and with the old chums, who, like himself, were fond of *Economy*, and *Cocker's* Arithmetic. He says, as you will observe by the introduction, that it is an *Account of a Walk from Temple Bar towards the Royal Exchange.*—There were also some dashing blades when he was a younker, and that is the reason why the Letter begins with one of the Exercises I learned at School.

—— *Tempora mutantur.*

Taking a walk, according to my usual custom, this morning, my inclination led me into the city, where I never go but I am possessed of an infinite pleasure to see almost every man busied in some degree for the service of the community.

Where trade and joy in ev'ry busy street,
Mingling, are heard; even drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay.

I had reached almost as far as the Royal Exchange, when a porter, with a load on his back, to avoid being hurt by a dray, pushed against me, and treading on my foot, broke the buckle of my shoe. This accident led me into a shop just by, where such commodities are sold, and I was immediately accosted by a very modest-looking young man, who, with a great deal of civility supplied me with another pair, and most complaisantly thanked me for my custom; though he protested, and I believe with sincerity, he did not get above sixpence by me. I had scarce left him when I had recollected I had seen his face before; and, upon a little reflection, remembered to have met him last Sunday, at a village, a few miles distant from town, where he arrived soon after me, in a phaeton and four bay horses, attended by a footman in a gay livery. The inn I was at was full of company, and some persons of distinction happened to be amongst them, to all of whom he paid not the least regard, but seemed to look upon every body about him as persons beneath his notice. He drove into the inn-yard with the greatest velocity, and was vociferous enough, in his descent from the carriage, swearing his horses were four of the best creatures that ever set foot to ground—that they had run with him fifteen miles within the hour, and d—n him if he would take fifty guineas a head for either of them; then stalking about the yard, judiciously smacking his whip, 'till they were put in the stable, his *Honour*, which title he here accepted with great state, went hallooing into the kitchen, where, having kissed the cook-wench, turned his back to the fire, and called for a gill of Lisbon; he gave a supercilious look all round him, and ordered the waiter to shew him a room.

The idea his behaviour raised in those

those who saw him, received no little addition from his dress. He had on a light-coloured coat and white sattin waistcoat, both richly trimmed with gold, buff-coloured silk breeches, with Spanish leather boots turned down almost to the ancle, and underneath were discovered a pair of the finest white silk hose. If I then thought him a young fellow who imagined the opulence of his fortune justified him in treating every body with contempt, what an opinion must I be of when I found him thus strangely metamorphosed, and no other than an apprentice to a silversmith? Who could have thought of hearing the man that boasted of his horses and beagles, as I had an opportunity of hearing him do, and so magisterially usurping the title of *your Honour*, and sometimes *my Lord*; for the servants at all public places, knowing this part of their business, are ready enough to supply their want of diligence with homage. I say, who could have thought of seeing this man behind the counter the next day, varying the *supercilious* into the *submissive*, changing *Honour* into *word* and *credit*; and, instead of being addressed by the title of my Lord, subscribing himself your obliged humble servant, for *sixpence*. And, yet so it is, that he did not seem at all dejected at this great degradation of his dignity, but behaved as if he had been bred to a tradesman from his cradle, and had never sunk from the degree of a *Baron*.

I could not help reflecting, upon this circumstance, on the great change there is in our manners and customs within a short space of time, and the vast difference between the sons of sober citizens now, and those in former days; and as I am no friend to the fashion of going in masquerade, (and I can call the above described appearance of our city prentice no other), I cannot help regretting that the salutary and wholesome laws, constituted in the days of good Queen Elizabeth, are not now in execution. To give our young citizens, therefore, some idea of their forefathers, and the means whereby they arrived to that height of opulence and dignity, by honest industry, I insert some few of those restrictions apprentices formerly lay under.

In the year 1582, the following remarkable proclamation was issued out by the Lord Mayor.

"Where of late times servantes "and apprentices within this citie "are by indulgence and lacke of "senerity, grown to great enor-"mitie and disorder in excess of "apparel, and the fashions thereof, "uncomely for their calling, and "in haunting of inconvenient "places and exersises, to the great "waist of their owne thrift, cor-"ruption of manners, mainte-"nance of pride and disobedience, "and manifest occasion of untrue "dealing towards their maisters "and frendes, and great sclaunder "of this citie and governaunce "thereof—for redress thereof be "it enacted and ordayned by the "Lord Mayor and the Aldermen "his brethren, and this present "Common-Councell assembled, "and by the authority of the same, "that

"No apprentise of this citie "shall weare any apparel but of "his maisters cost, provision or ap-"pointment, and not of his owne "nor of his frendes, other than "by and according to his maisters "appointment for the stuff, fashion "and goodness.

"Also that no apprentise shall "within the liberties of this citie "wear a *hat*, but only a woolen "cap, such as his maister shall give "or appoynt him, having not in "any wise any silke in or about "the

"the same." *But now even a velvet cap is rejected by the younger citizens, and a powdered wig substituted in its stead.*

"Also that no apprentise shall "weare any shirt with ruffes, either at neck or at hand, other "than a ruffe at the neck only, not "exceeding in length a yard and "half at most, nor with any cost "of needle worke other than *plain* "white seame and hemming, and "a plain standing band, tyed with "plain strings: nor any loose collar, ruffes or cuffes of other "fashion."

Our modern apprentices are very careful to disobey this article; and, excepting the ruff at the neck and the band which are here tolerated, wear every thing that is prohibited, as French *cambric*, &c.

"Also that no apprentise shall "wear any doublet other than of "canvas, fustian, sackcloth, lether, or woolen cloth: and of "those sorts no *Spanish* or foreign "lether nor cut nor ruff'd other than "a plain edge of the same about "it, nor strip'd in the weaving with "silke or metal, nor garnished, nor "mingled with any other stuffe, "nor with any silk or lace, or "stitching, or silk buttons. Also "that no apprentise shall wear in "his hose any other stuff than "woolen cloth, kersey, such canvas or sackcloth as is before allowed for doublets, or lether "dressed in England, and no lether "but in breeches only."

This last article relating to leathern breeches, seems to be conformed to by those apprentices who now distinguish themselves by the names of bloods *and* bucks; *who, nevertheless, fail not of disregarding most of the other articles, particularly relating to hats and woollen hose.*

"Also that no apprentise shall "wear any pumps nor pantofles, "nor shall wear any shoes garnished with cutted edging or stitching, nor other than of usual neats "lether or calves lether, nor any "garters other than cruell, woolen, "thread, or lether; and that plain "and without garnishing."

One would imagine the stitched pumps, and those bound with narrow silk now worn, are made in direct opposition to this article.

"Also that no apprentise shall "weare any ring, or jewel of gold "and silver, nor any silk in or "about any part of his apparell.

"Also that no apprentise shall "weare any sword, dagger, or "other weapon, than convenient "*meat knives.*"

I can but think, if such regulations as these were again to come in play, what a surprising metamorphosis would eclipse our city beau; when the walks on a Sunday evening, instead of being crowded with the appearances of gentlemen, would be distinguished by the uniformity of the city apprentices; who, instead of fierce cock'd, laced hats, and, often swords, might strut along, with flat caps on their heads, and convenient *meat knives* in their side pockets.

Upon a just reflection, I believe it will be found that such orders as these were made from very convincing and judicious motives; as we find the citizens themselves, men of substance, and even of the magistracy, lay formerly under restrictions on this head, from statutes made against the excess and inordinate use of apparel; which, however, were mitigated by Queen Elizabeth, who was chiefly, as it is said, excited to it by the measures taken by the city ladies.

The Romans used a distinction in their apparel, and I cannot conceive otherwise than that it might be greatly conducive to the service of every rank of people, if at this time a proper regulation of dress was

was established in England: as it would excite a commendable emulation in those of an inferior rank to acquire the ensigns of superior dignity, which could only be by measures of application and industry. Whereas *now*, the world being governed by appearances, many of the lower class give themselves no more trouble than just to arrive at the bare representation, of what they would be thought to be, by which near a third of mankind are in masquerade; and we seldom know with whom we associate, or with whom we hazard our fortunes, lives, or reputations.

M.

Proposals for the Benefit of Worn-out Wits.

In a Catholic Epistle addressed to the Outcast Fraternity.

My Brethren of merry Hours!

I Would not thus publicly have offered my thoughts to your inspection, could I ever have found any of you at home: but, as your living is checquered with so many variations, I'm forced this way to tender my scheme to you; submitting to your superior understanding, the rectitude or misapplication of this my address extraordinary.

Club-diverting oddities are at present of universal use to this kingdom, by keeping up the grand system of dissipation: but their rewards are merely temporary; just a treat for the night; or, now and then, an invitation to dinner. Therefore, a petition will be presented to parliament, towards raising a provision for Geniusses with debilitated intellects—male ones, I mean; for female ones are happy; they, in their states of decay, can turn Bawds, and be provided for: but what, (unless my scheme takes effect) what can become of a superannuated Choice Spirit?—what is a worn-out wit good for?—Like a worn-out hound, he can only be hanged, to put him out of his misery.

Happy! thrice happy! they, who are invited to Fortune's rout; and to whom her single-wheeled ladyship has dealt a handful of trumps. They can eat what they please, drink when they please, walk on week days by each Compter-Gate unmolested—while the dinner-wanting drole runs the gantlope of adversity, with a pair of bad shoes on.

I once was a retailer of roundelays, a toll-lol-de-loll sort of companion, and often toiled all night for the fun of my country; and maintained the chair with equal dignity, drunk or sober. But my hobby-horses are foundered, my comicalities impaired, like an often-footed pair of silk stockings; and my memory (like a Gambler's reputation) worse than nothing. Therefore am I drove down from the pinnacle of applause, forced to grovel about in base mechanic industry, and stick to the trade I was bred to, viz. staining the ends of toothpicks.

But as there is a secret satisfaction in eating the bread we earn, as your well-wisher, I recommend the same practice to you, my former fellow-labourers in the Circean vineyard.

Although you are prime upon the salt-box, have fine fists for the broomstick, and are excellent at nose-organ voluntaries; you must, in this merit-starving age, be more than excellent to be happy. You must—alas! how shall I write it? you must condescend to what, I know, appears shocking to the sublimity of your sentiments—you must—WORK—(ignoble idea)—perhaps sit cross-legg'd on the

the sopha-like shop-board; or pass, through the awl-pierced sole, the bristle-pointed thread; or mount, on foul-faced block, the bran-baked curls.

But why should I mention what ye have been—it is no disgrace, metaphysically—was not, what's his name?—ay—Epaminondas, was not he a scavenger?—was not Pope Sixtus the Vth a hog-driver? and the greatest men now in the nation, what were they once?—only little children.

But let me beg of ye, hereafter to reflect on what the want of money is. Gentlemen, severe experience has often made us sensible of it. Is it not as great an enemy to wit and humour, as the small-pox is to beauty? The disease of impecuniosity is as sure an attendant upon a genius, as the gout upon a claret-drinker; it seizes the mind, as corns sympathize with the season; vacuity of pocket infects the brain, for hunger is sure to famish all fine ideas.

Now although some who frank letters, may be persons of no letters; and it is not impossible, but that the man who is born heir to the mansion-house, may not inherit ALL the understanding in the world; it does not signify a Birmingham halfpenny, if he is but provided with *the thing* which is elegantly expressed by an old classical Choice Spirit—(excuse the quotation, Gentlemen, your friends will translate it for you) *Et genus, et vertus, nisi cum* RE, *vilior alga est.*

An intimate of mine, who once was a wit, now hackney'd out in song-singing service, met me but yesterday, and begged my interest to equip him properly, for a shoe-blacker; other bread being denied him.

I have some acquaintance with the Stool and Brush Society, formerly being Moderator to their Metaphysical Meeting, at the Flock Bed and Bug Trap, near St. Giles's Pound.—I spoke for him; but the Bench of Chimney-sweepers, &c. refused to sign his certificate; for they alledged, a man of humour was as mischievous as a monkey, and, while he was japanning a gentleman's shoes, he'd be picking holes in his customer's stockings; and that they had a bye-law, like other Bodies Corporate, never to admit any Wit among them.

And now, gentlemen, give me leave to bid ye farewell. May your future lives, made wholesome by the alterative of an industrious regimen, be undisturbed by the duns of landladies or dread of bum-baileys! so shall your time to come be lullaby'd to rest, amidst the tranquillity of regular meals and clean linen.

MOMUS.

AN AUKWARD SUITOR.

HAPPENING to dine a few days ago with Mr. Grogram, the mercer, an accident, that gave me a good deal of diversion, convinced me, how necessary it is for a man of the most extensive and refined genius to be possessed of the common arts of address; and how ridiculous a figure he makes in life, without such ordinary qualifications.

Mr. Grogram has a large family of six daughters; all grown up, and most of them marriageable; and, it must be owned, he is not a little desirous to get them creditably off his hands, to the first honest men who are likely to take care of them.—A Scotch gentleman, it seems, has been some time enamoured with one of them, and has been introduced by an acquaintance of the family.

He

He came into the room where Mr. Grogram and I sat smoking our pipes after dinner; and, if I mistake not, disturbed our discourse, when we were just settling the affair of the *Neutral Islands* with the *French* Court.—Mr. Malcolm, for that is his name, after daubing the room from one side to the other with several scrapes of his feet, and almost blinding us with the smoke of our pipes, by the repeated fanning of his hat, told us *he kees'd are honds,* and immediately placed himself at the table, and, without any farther ceremony, poured out a glass of wine and drank our *healths*: after which, turning about to his friend, who, by this time, had been desired to sit down: he addressed Mr. Grogram, with his face kept still toward his acquaintance, and began to open the business of his visit, by declaring his passion for one of the *daumsels* that were my friend's daughters. Mr. Grogram, who had entertained a very favourable opinion of this extraordinary kind of a suitor, from the accounts he had received of his circumstances, in a very modest manner replied, he was very sensible of the honour he intended his family, and desired to know which was the object of his passion. To this he returned, in the strongest dialect, *Heeven forgee my saul, but I canno teel you whilk is my flaume, weethoot kenning ow her—Cow um aw up, and I will tauk a look at um aw.* Upon this the girls were summoned, one by one; and on the appearance of the first, second, and third, he cried out, every time, *naw—naw—this is naw her—this is naw her*; but when the fourth, a pretty black-eyed girl, was coming into the room, he jumped out of his chair, and, with his mouth wide open, ran and saluted her; crying out, with the greatest vociferation and the airs of a man disordered in his senses, *Bee the Loord, Master Grawgram, this be her, and, if it be your weel, wee'l gang to the Kirk forthweeth.* Upon which he proceeded to question the lady, whether or no she had received his *Life of* ****, and his *Tragedy of* ****; and how she approved them; for, it seems, this gallant gentleman is an author, and had sent her, a day or two before, a collection of his works, in order to influence her in his favour, which, however, had been of but little effect; the girl, with a good deal of spirit, and, as I could perceive, some little resentment, replying, she had indeed looked over his pieces, one of which she approved and should keep, offering him, at the same time, a shilling for it, being the price stipulated on its title-page: which, however, Mr. Malcolm refused, assuring her, he desired nothing more in return for it, than the possession of her person and and esteem: a sentiment I could not help reflecting on, as a mark of great generosity, it being, undoubtedly, a very reasonable return for a twelvepenny pamphlet. The lady, also, seemed perfectly sensible of the value of the compliment, and, with some confusion, begged leave to retire.

After she was gone, her lover, taking another glass which he drank to her health, and the success of his endeavours, to be the father of an house full of *bearns,* began to enter again into particulars with his *father-in-law,* as he now took the liberty of calling him, assuring him he did not *expact him to gee his daughter any thing conseederable, and, tharfore, the consoomation of his happiness need not be defarred*: adding withal, *that though she hod ne'er a smock to her back, he would wad her ne'ertheless.*

My friend Grogram, who generally

rally takes my advice, and understanding my motions as well as my words, had, during the interval of this visit, asked me two or three times, what I thought of this pretender to his daughter, by two or three interrogatory pressures on my foot; to which I had suspended my reply till the close of the last speech of Mr. Malcolm, when, confirmed so much in my dislike of him, I was willing to communicate my sentiments in the strongest manner; and, therefore, with too much earnestness, gave so violent a tread on my friend's great toe, that he roar'd out with the pain, and, being conscious of the cause, subjoined to it a laugh, which I could not help to accompany.—This accident happening, just at the time Mr. Malcolm had done speaking, he construed it into an affront; and, flying into a furious passion, endeavoured to demonstrate the superiority of his family; the honour he had done my friend by the offer, and the insolence and ingratitude of the English nation; that his importance could not secure him from insult, when it ought to entitle him to the highest marks of esteem.

It was in vain we laboured to convince him this laugh was not levelled at him, representing at the same time our surprise, at his supposing us guilty of so great a breach of good manners. It was impossible to appease him; and he left us with the most evident signs of displeasure, after desiring Mr. Grogram to think no more of him as a *son-in-law*.

A Looker-on.

Carrying off an Heiress.

THE trial of Sir Henry Browne Hayes, for forcibly carrying off Miss Pike, the rich Quaker heiress of Cork, with intent to marry her, came on in Cork, the 13th instant, at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued till ten at night. The Jury brought in a verdict guilty, but recommended him to mercy. The Lady gave a clear and full account of the business, and was not in the least embarrassed. Sir Henry behaved with singular coolness and composure, and beseeched the Judge, as he had been found guilty by a respectable Jury, that he might be ordered for instant execution. The Judge humanely declined listening to the request; and as a point of law has been reserved for discussion, it is probable the unfortunate gentleman will meet the Royal clemency, as he is extremely well allied, a humane and generous character, and as the Lady had been returned to her respectable friends without any personal violence, further than forcing her into the coach.

Execution of Two Horse-stealers.

THE two Cards (brothers) capitally convicted at the last Lewes assizes for stealing Sir F. Poole's racing fillies and other horses, were on Saturday, the 11th instant, executed at Horsham, pursuant to their sentence. The unhappy men were brought under the fatal tree at twelve o'clock, where they prayed fervently with the clergyman who attended them for about half an hour; after which they jointly took the most affectionate leave of their wives (who both attended) and were launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time, their bodies were cut down, and decently interred in one grave, in Horsham church-yard.—They acknowledged the justness of their sentence, and declared they died in peace

peace with all men. John, the younger, left a written paper with his wife addressed to his children, bidding them take warning by their father's unhappy fate; to live honestly, and to be satisfied with the earnings of their own industry.

One of these unfortunate men expressed a strong desire to be indulged with a post-chaise, to take him to the gallows; but that indulgence was not granted him.

Self-flagellation, a singular Instance.

THERE are many acts the Drunkard commits, and suffers to be done, that would appear incredible, unless it were to an eye-witness. Can any one suppose that any man in liquor, would make an offer to divert company, by suffering himself to be flogged? However, an instance of this kind took place a short time since at Pershore.

A man who resides a small distance from thence, being in liquor, sent for the cryer, and paid him to proclaim it through the streets, that he should make his speech for half an hour, beginning at eleven o'clock. He should then strip, and be flogged till near twelve; and then should, with composure, submit to be shot. —The former parts of the ceremony actually took place, but the latter was prevented by the interference of some friends; he was, however, most severely handled.

STALLIONS
TO COVER THIS SEASON.

AT Woburn, Bedfordshire—Ambrosio and Skyscraper, at 10gs. each; Dragon, at 7gs.; Capt. Grey's Arabian, at 5gs.; and Fidget, at 3gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Asparagus, at Barrington Park, Burford, Oxfordshire, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Athelstan; at Barley, Herts, at 2gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Buzzard; at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Caustic; at Charles Day's, Barrow's Brook, Gloucestershire, at 3gs. and a crown each mare.

Coriander; at Newmarket, at 5gs. each mare, and 5s. to the groom.

Don Quixotte, by Eclipse, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom; Satellite, by ditto, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom; and Whip, by Saltram, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom: at Mr. Haynes's livery stables, Great Portland-street.

Dungannon, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom; Volunteer, at the same; and Vertumnus, at 2gs. a mare and 5s. the groom: at Cannons, Middlesex.

Delpini; at Middlethorpe, near York, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

George; at Enville, near Stourbridge, at 2gs. and a crown each mare.

Gouty; at Oatlands, Surrey, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

A beautiful Grey Arabian, brought over in the year 1799; at Peterborough, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. to the groom.

Grouse; at Pooksley, near Stoney Stratford, at 5gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom.

Hambletonian; at Seacroft-Hall Farm, near Leeds, at 10gs. and a half each mare; Shuttle, at 5gs. and a crown; and Patriot, at the same.

Hollyhock; at Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, at 2gs. a mare and 2s. 6d. the groom.

John Bull, at 15gs. and a guinea the groom; Alexander, at 10gs. and a guinea the groom; and Meteor, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.: at Figdale, near Chester.

Magic; at Mistley, in Essex, at 2gs. and half a crown.

Mr. Teazle, (own brother to Stamford) got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatia; she was got by Eclipse, out of Delpini's dam: at Newmarket, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d the groom.

Moorcock (brother to Grouse, by Highflyer, dam Georgina, sister to Conductor, Alfred, &c. by Match'em); at Renishaw, Derbyshire, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Overton, the sire of Cockfighter, Rolla, &c. at 10gs. and a half each mare; Beningbrough, at 6gs. and a crown; and Zachariah, own brother to Beninbrough, at 3gs. and a crown: at Mr Hutchinson's, Shipton, near York.

Own Brother to Spread Eagle; at Allerthorpe Hall, Yorkshire, at one guinea and 5s. a mare.

Oxygen, by Assassin—Trentham—Old Snap—Lath, &c. at 5gs. per mare; Goodwood, by Mercury—Pyrrhus—Match'em, out of Molly Long-Legs, at 3gs.; Ramsden, by Gay—Trentham Old Snap, at 2gs.; Grammarian, a hunter, at 2gs.; Patriot, —Old Marske—Old Snap—Shepherd's Crab—Godolphin Arabian, at one guinea; Gallant, a coach-horse, by Gay, out of a Suffolk mare, at 2gs.; Drayton, a Suffolk cart-horse, at one guinea; Sharper, ditto, at one guinea, an Ass, from Malta, fourteen hands one inch high, at 3gs. and 5s. the servant. At Goodwood, in Sussex.

Pegasus; at Aldenham, Herts, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Petworth; at Christian Malford, near Chippenham, Wilts, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. to the groom.

The Pigot Grey Arabian, now rising five years old; at Patshull, Staffordshire, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom. He is a native of Bussora, and of the truest Anissa Negadi breed.

Pipator, at 3gs. each mare, and 5s. the groom; and Hermes, at one guinea each mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom: at Streatham Castle, near Barnard Castle, Yorkshire.

Precipitate, (the property of the Earl of Egremont); at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Ratler; at Witney, near Worcester, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Regulus; at Acton Burnell, near Shrewsbury, at 2gs and a crown.

Sir Peter Teazle, at Knowles, near Prescot, at 10gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Soldier; at Moston Hall, near Chester, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom.

Totteridge; at Mr. Bott's, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. the man.

Trumpator, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom; and Venator, at a guinea a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom: at Clermont Lodge, near Brandon.

Waxy; at Lewes, in Sussex, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Whiskey, got by Saltram, out of Calash; at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Young Eclipse, at 20gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom; and a beautiful Grey Horse, by Highflyer, at one guinea a mare, and 2s. 6d. to the groom. At Woodhay, near Newbury, Berks.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

Ducking Chairs.

Mr. Editor,

IT was with some considerable degree of surprise I read a few days ago, of a Lady having undergone the punishment of ducking for being a scold, and this at the right ancient and worshipful town of Kingston-upon-Thames: moreover, that the Lady underwent this operation in a chair or machine, kept in the town for that purpose. Lastly, it was observed, that the moment she emerged from the silver stream, (a little dim or so by the operation) she had almost incurred another penalty for repeating her offence. But this I do not wonder at; for if she had no cause for scolding before, she certainly now had sufficient; and happy would it be if no women scolded but just after being ducked in the Thames.

The moment I read the alarming news, I mounted my sorrel; and, notwithstanding the approach of night, I reached Kingston in an hour and a half, and immediately began my enquiries of the ostler: he could give me no information; and when I called him a blockhead, asked me if I thought he could remember *so many names?*

I next posted to the houses of one acquaintance and then another; all *dry* and warm there, but all ignorant, or pretended to be so, of the culprit's name. Stepping into the drawing-room of a third friend, I found it in much disorder, various articles of female dress lying on the floor; and O! discovery of discoveries! a gown and petticoat *drying at the fire!* My suspicions were now confirmed; a thousand circumstances crowded on my memory; I always thought she talked a little too loud, and her husband has sometimes lugged me out of the room when she has been warm in an argument. But yet I was shocked—prodigiously shocked—such a respectable family—so fine a woman too—ducked—plunged into the river by beadles and constables—such degrading abominable *anabaptism*—

I was here disturbed in my indignation, by the entry of the Lady herself. I could not help asking *how she did?* Beauty in distress is always attractive.

I am very tired, Mr. Oldstile.

I don't doubt it, Ma'am.

It is too violent exercise for me.

Yes, Ma'am, it is pretty violent indeed!

I don't think I shall ever attempt it again.

Nay, Ma'am, there was no great occasion for your attempting it now

What can we do? Servants are so careless.

Yes, Ma'am, and that makes one raise one's voice a little in talking to them.

Bless me! I dont't think I have a dry thread about me.

What! not *now?*

Not *now!* how could I?

What the deuce? you have not sat in your wet clothes all day?

Sat in my wet clothes! I don't understand you, Mr. Oldstile

Nay, Ma'am—I don't mean to

be

be particular—but I think you might have shifted when it was over.

Over! I have been splashing in the water these six hours.

Lord! Ma'am, I never heard of such a punishment.

It is a punishment, indeed; I had rather pay any money than go through such another day.

I dare say you would, Ma'am; but why did you not offer them money at once?

Offer them money! what do you mean by offering them money?

Nay, Ma'am, if you come to that, what do you mean by going through such another day?

Why it was our *Great Wash!!!*

Taking up my hat, I made my escape as quickly as I could, lest she should discover that I had mistaken a washing day for a good ducking. W. B.

The *ancient* and *wholesome* practice of *ducking* in the *cucking-stool*, was not formerly confined to *scolds*, but extended to the punishment of women who *bedecked themselves unseemly*, and to *harlots*. Luckily, this law is obsolete here or how would both sides of the Thames be lined with *cucking stools*, hourly occupied by *Belles Esprit*, dressed *à la Grecque* and *à la Paris*, to say nothing of the *Cyprian* innumerable *corps!*

Mr. Martin's Laugh; or the Lap Dog Taught to Speak Greek.—In the House of Commons, April 14, when Mr. Pelham moved the Order of the Day, for taking into consideration the First Report of the Secret Committee appointed to enquire into the State of Ireland, and the conduct of certain persons in England which appeared to be of a seditious and treasonable tendency; —Mr. Martin, of Galway, who was an advocate for the further suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, said, he should not conceive himself doing his duty to his constituents were he to give a silent vote on such an occasion, while he was able to articulate a sound. He then entered at some length into the arguments in favour of the Bill. The opinion of the Committee, he said, was of itself sufficient; but there were other reasons almost equally strong. He laid peculiar stress upon the Report of the Committee of the Irish House of Commons. The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended since the Revolution fourteen or fifteen times, and if ever this measure had been necessary, it was necessary now tenfold. What end could be served by delay? If the Bill was expedient, the sooner it was passed the better. Mr Martin here told a story of a criminal who had been found guilty of some great offence before a Grecian Prince, and all his Court. After sentence was passed, the prisoner begged hard that it might not be executed, and said he had made a wonderful discovery. He could, by his art, make a dog speak; and if his Majesty would reprieve him, he undertook, in three years, to make his Majesty's lap-dog speak as good Greek as any one at Court. The King was eager to see such a *lusus naturæ*, and granted his request. One day, soon after, as he was giving the dog a lesson, he was asked by some one if he was not mad? "It is his Majesty who is mad, said he. He himself may die, and then he cannot demand the fulfilment of my promise.—The dog may die, and then I am released from the fulfilment of it; and I may die myself before that time a natural death, instead of suffering by the hand of the executioner. At any rate, concluded he, come what will, I shall live three years longer than I should otherwise have done!"—[*The House was*

was convulsed with laughter for some minutes.]—Mr. Sheridan then rose, but for some time was unable to articulate. One effect, he said, had certainly been produced by the Honourable Gentleman's story, and that to a very high degree; and there certainly was but one thing wanting to render it an excellent one, viz. its application. But the Honourable Gentleman had been so well pleased with the mirth which it excited, that he had sat down without shewing how it was at all in point. He had, to be sure, done a good deal in shewing how a man of great art might make a *lusus naturæ*; and that, though a man might very likely die soon, still that he was sure to live three years longer, come what might. However, he should always rejoice at the success of any piece of wit or humour attempted by his countrymen.

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred at the Theatre, at Market Drayton, Shropshire. The company were performing *Pizarro*, when, during the hymn to the Sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparent scene of that luminary, it unfortunately took fire. The Manager, who was officiating as High Priest, just after singing the words—"O Power Supreme!"—observed the mishap; and, in the utmost consternation, called out to the Stage-keeper—"*The Sun's on fire!*"—then proceeding with the hymn—"O Power Supreme!—"*D—n your eyes, put out the Sun, I say!*"—The Sun, however, continued to blaze, and the Manager to sing and swear; till the audience, notwithstanding their fears, were convulsed with laughter. The fire in the Sun being, however, extinguished, the play proceeded.

The Ghost of Hamlet.—The late theatrical accident in Shropshire is not the first instance of a Manager being scorched by a flame of his own kindling. During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and unfortunately it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real armour. The dress for this august personage was one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was consequently rather too ponderous for the Ghost of the Royal Dane.—The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of his helmet, the Ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman roared out from the pit, "Help! help! the lamps have caught the *cask* of your *spirits*, and if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze!" The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the Ghost, and laid him in a water tub.

Lately, a Country Curate in Norfolk, who had several miles to go to preach and perform divine service, having mounted the pulpit, found that he had lost his sermon. It was too far to send for another, and he durst not trust to his own abilities for delivering an extemporary discourse. After a little hesitation, he addressed his congregation as follows:—"My dear brethren, *I have lost my sermon*; but I am determined you shall be *no losers* by the accident, for I will come down into the reading desk and give you a *chapter of the New Testament, worth twenty such sermons!*"

A provincial paper mentions that the weather was so extremely warm one day, that "all the inside passengers of the Coventry coach rode outside."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday, April 7, 1801, the Society of Cumberland Youths, rang at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, a true and complete peal of Court Bob Royal, consisting of 5220 changes, in three hours and forty-five minutes; they being the only Society of Ringers that ever acquired a peal in this method, allowed to be the most intricate ever practised on ten bells, since the foundation of the art.—The performers were,

George Gross, Sen.	-	Treble
George Gross, Jun.	-	2
James Nash	- -	3
William Shipway	-	4
John Poulden	-	5
John Hints	- -	6
Malachi Channon	-	7
Thomas Reeves	- -	8
Samuel Cowling	- -	9
William Stevens	-	Tenor.

This peal was composed and called by Mr. George Gross, sen.

William Pullen, of Doncaster, a young man, of twenty-three years of age, and by trade a bricklayer, lately undertook, for a wager of twenty guineas, to walk from the mile-stone on the south entrance of Doncaster, to York Minster, and back again, in twenty-four hours; the distance of seventy-six miles. He started at six o'clock in the evening, and arrived five minutes before five, being an hour and five minutes within the time.

The late Masquerade at Ranelagh, exhibited a great display of fashion. Dominos, as usual, were prevalent. Among several well-supported characters, an *Indian Chief*, and *Dicky Gossip*, claimed particular attention for the just support they gave those parts, and the increase of mirth and hilarity they afforded in them.—There were several other characters extremely well supported; amongst these we particularly remarked a gentleman in the character of an *itinerant fidler*, who played delightfully the whole evening, and attracted a constant crowd around him. A *punch*, a *barber*, and a *footman*, with many others, maintained their characters with great life and spirit. A *watchman* was most disgustingly noisy and dull, and repeatedly deafened the whole room with his rattle. Dignum favoured the company with several charming songs during the evening, which passed with glee and good humour.—The saloon was elegantly lighted, the bands of music well chosen, and "grey-eyed morn" found the company in high spirits, pleased with their entertainment, and unwilling to depart.—The supper was a very good one.

A Paris paper mentions a most extraordinary monster, or Bugaboo, which two several times came out of the sea, and made its appearance near Ostend. It is said to bear the shape of an horse, eight feet five inches high, with a long tail, sharp fangs, and a skin impenetrable to a musquet ball. It was killed, however, by a fortunate shot, which entered its head behind the ear. It had previously ravaged the country, and devoured no less than *twenty sheep* for its *dinner*.—On reading this account, we were led to doubt, whether the *Monster* or the Journalist had the wider *swallow*?

Another Odd Fish.—Extract of a letter from a Gentleman at Weymouth, to a Lady of distinction.—"April 5, 1801. A fish of an enormous size was taken this morning off

off the Chissel Bank, and afterwards towed to the village of Portland, (being entangled in the mackarel-nets): he is of the shark kind, and of that species called the bottle-nose shark. He measures twenty-seven feet, from the extremity of head to tail; and is sixteen feet at least in circumference.—His jaws are of that extent, as to admit, without difficulty, the fattest man you ever saw. Twelve horses and nearly one hundred men I saw employed to drag the monster up the bank. He is supposed to weigh six *tons!*—I saw him before he was quite dead, when he appeared mottled as a common dog-fish or shark; but the tints will, of course, by to-morrow be faded. I shall attend his dissection, when no doubt his enormous paunch will exhibit some curious productions, and account for the scarcity of fish at Weymouth, and the unsuccessful efforts of the poor fishermen to supply the market."

An odd circumstance happened at a country village about a fortnight since.—The curate of the place published the banns of marriage of himself for three Sundays; the third time, and after the second lesson, he asked (aloud) if the rector was present, or whether he had appointed a deputy to marry him; on being answered in the negative, he said he should perform the ceremony himself, which he did in the presence of the congregation, and said the rector must answer it to the Bishop.

Extraordinary Activity.—There is on board the Fisgard, of 48 guns, a little boy of the name of Wright, who can go to the top of the truck at the main-top-gallant-mast head, twist his feet round the running rigging, and let himself down with ease on the deck, head foremost, to the astonishment of the officers and ship's company; he has performed this extraordinary feat several times with the greatest ease.

Curious Case in Natural History.—A gentleman at Stirling mentions, that on a fine sunshine morning, a few days ago, he set his bees out of a hive: there had been some snow during the night, which was not then entirely melted. Some of the bees alighted on the snow, and soon became lifeless He gathered them up, carried them into his dining-room, and from its heat, they soon began to move; he then put a bit of honeycomb among them, which had a good effect. After a little time, he was struck with the appearance of one of them, which had nearly recovered his usual strength, darting his proboscis frequently at another, which led him to imagine that the bee was fighting with the other. He then lifted up the two bees, and, upon taking a microscope, observed, that in place of fighting, he was supplying with honey his sickly companion every time he darted at him. This he distinctly saw in small globules on the point of his proboscis, and the other received it upon his.

A short time since, Mr. Wm. Addy, of Reed Farm, in the parish of Writtle, Essex, (for a day's diversion) sowed, at broad-cast, twenty-three acres of land with oats. It is computed he walked more than forty miles, carrying and sowing with his hand fifteen quarters of oats, in the course of the day. Mr. Addy's father is from Lincolnshire; and, on coming to Writtle, some years ago, taught the Essex farmers (as O'Keefe says) "*a thing or two!*" in the way of their profession.

As some men were lately digging a piece of ground, which had been a meadow, in Newbury, they discovered a human skeleton lying in an oblique direction, the skull being about twelve inches from the surface.

surface. At a small distance from it they found a dog's collar of brass, on which was inscribed in legible characters, the following words:—

I am a poore harmless beach
I wander I know not weather
My master lives in H——
I pray direct me Thether.
THOS. MEAD, 1699.

The spelling is exactly given as on the collar. After the letter H— or P— (which of them is uncertain) there is an erasure, apparently done with design.

As Mr. Sturt's hounds were lately running a fox on the cliffs, near Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, by a short turn the animal gained an earth, and in pursuing him, three couple and a half of the leading hounds precipitated to the bottom, and were dashed to pieces.

The Norfolk Jack Ketch is condemned to six months imprisonment for obtaining money from persons upon *false pretences.* His mode of swindling was peculiar and ingenious. He made wives believe he had hanged their husbands; and imposed upon husbands in their turn, by asserting he had done execution upon their wives. It is incredible what sums he received from the grateful dupes of his agreeable intelligence. He was prosecuted at the joint expence of seventeen disappointed ladies, whom he pretended to have made widows by a *tour de son metier.*

An elopement to Gretna Green a short time since took place from Whitehaven. The young lady is the daughter of a merchant in that town, and the swain a military gentleman stationed there. The parties returned with elevated spirits to dinner at Carlisle, when the father of the young lady appeared in pursuit, and a scene of agitation ensued, the result of which, however, proved favourable to *Mars*, for both he and *Venus* having peremptorily declared they would not survive a separation, the old gentleman was compelled to relinquish his objections.

The shocking practice of *duelling*, (says a wag) in *this* country, is at last reduced to a simple and inoffensive ceremony: the enraged gentlemen *exchange cards*, instead of *bullets*, "and the matter is amicably adjusted!" It is to be hoped this mode will become general over the united kingdom!

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Lately died, at White Waltham, aged 82, W. Collins, an itinerant cobler, and the only survivor of the Old Binfield Cricketers, noted for being the best players in England.

Lately died, universally regretted, Mr. Thomas Clark, a much respected farmer, of Arnold's, in Mountnessing, Essex. He was once the best cricketer in the county of Essex.

A few days since died, Mr. John Benson, of Oxford. Having walked to the head of Port-Meadow, in order to angle, he was found dead near the Toll-bridge, with his fishing rod in his hand.

Lately died, at Chester, Christopher Lowe, aged 92, many years bill distributors for the Theatre-Royal of that city. This venerable Patriarch was a native of Preston, and when in his fifteenth year he was afflicted with a severe fever, of which he apparently died. He was laid out, shrouded, and coffined, and nearly three days after his supposed demise, while carrying on four men's shoulders to the grave, he suddenly knocked at the lid of the coffin, and to the utter amazement of the carriers and attendants, on opening it, they found honest Christopher in a complete state of resuscitation. For many years after, he used to amuse his neighbours and friends with the "wonderful things he saw in his trance."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

IMPROMPTU.

Fait pour le Portrait du COMTE DE MOIRA, *qui se trouve à la tete de L'Union Magazine.*

Par LE COMPTE JOSEPH HENRI AUGUSTE DE MAC CARTHY.

TEL est ce Chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche:* *
Ses brillantes Vertus; cette bonté d'éclat,
Qui des infortunés sans cesse le rapproche:
Ses exploits dans les camps; ses talens au Senat:
Tout nous fait voir que Seul au milieu de l'otage!
MOIRA partout le meme, et toujours grand et sage:
Peut sauver aujourd'hui Le Saisseau de L'Etat.

PARAPHRASED *by* ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

SUCH is the radiant man, whom mora Fame
Hath rais'd above the tooth of Fear and Shame;
Ennobling MOIRA! nerv'd by Heav'n to stand
'Twixt Retribution and a guilty land;
To calm the tempests of a madd'ning age;
To slake the thirst of maledictive Rage;
With Mercy's hallow'd document inform,
And waft the bolt of Ruin from the storm.
Lord of his passions—delegate of Truth;
The point of Honor, and the guide of youth;
A Christian hero, and a peerless knight;
The food of Hope—the arbiter of Right!
In him the Monarch and the many trust,
His virtue's graceful, and his pity's just.
Like Day's blythe source, fulfilling vast designs,
He issues light, and gladdens as he shines;
Serene, he emenates, by Fate's decree,
To prove how blest the Great and Good can be;
An illustration of the *Magi's* dream,
In impulse genuine as Aurora's beam;
He drew his spirit from congenial skies,
In battle gallant—in the Senate wise.—
While Folly sparkles in the mortal show,
Allur'd by Faith, he seeks the den of Woe;
Claims the worn suppliant from th' oppressor's rod,
Embalms his wounds, and leads him to his God!

* This was a national declaration, applied in France to the Chevalier BAYARD, who was considered as the most accomplished gentleman, and the bravest soldier, of his day.

SONNET TO THE SPARROW,

BY A LADY.

THE Thrush and Blackbird only sing
Through the gay flattering hours of Spring;
The Swallow too, when Summer's done,
Departs to seek a warmer sun;
But the poor Sparrow's visit lasts
Through seasons of a darker cast;
For amid hail, and rain, and snows,
He twitters every thing he knows;
And be the tempest ne'er so rude,
Still chaunts his note of gratitude.—
Come, faithful Sparrow, then, and be
By constancy endear'd to me!
Thou'lt share with me the Winter's frown,
When all my Summer's *friends* are gone!

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SONNET, ON AN OLD HORSE.

POOR Steed! in whom the faint remains I trace
Of noble courage, scarce in mis'sy fled;
Though doom'd an abject tyrant's lash to dread,
And drag the cruel load with tardy pace.

Ah! what avails thee now thy high-bred race,
Thy proudly arching neck, and stately head,
That oft, with light'ning's speed, triumphant led,
To the warm glories of the gen'rous chase?

Of all thy faithful toils, what meed is thine?
Thy thankless master, who, when stiff'ning years
Chill'd thy high blood, with sordid av'rice gave
To hard unpitying hearts thy frail decline,
Expects a happier lot: thou, doom'd to tears,
Can'st have no hopes but in the gloomy grave!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A PUN.

JACK DASH, in town, a first-rate beau,
Some time ago,
For near a month had never ventured out.
'Twas wise; for Jack was poor—and what bespoke it
Was—that he had no money in his pocket'
And therefore was not quite prepared to meet
A friend of his, who slily in the street,
To tap him on the shoulder, lurk'd about.

A Doctor's wife, hard by,
Who much delighted in his company,
(For Jack to please the Ladies had the skill)
Began to think him ill;—
So sent her servant Thomas to assure him
That if by fell disease he was assail'd,
And would but tell her freely what he ail'd,
She'd get some draughts, that very soon should cure him!

The message hearing, thus replied young Dash—
"Friend Tom!—then tell your mistress I will thank her,
"As my disorder's only want of cash,
"To let the drafts be—*on her husband's Banker!*"

THE GREY MARE.

YE youths, who delight Love's emotions to nurse,
I'll leave ye to sing of your fair;
Whilst I, tho' unus'd to the jingling of verse,
By gratitude urg'd, will most proudly rehearse
The feats of my fav'rite *Grey Mare.*

How oft, when the dew-drop has hung on the spray,
And the morn bids the Sportsman prepare,
Have I sprung from my bed, at the dawning of day,
And to cover have gallopp'd, brisk, jocund, and gay,
To mount on my prancing *Grey Mare.*

When the pride of the pack—a staunch steady hound—
Comes full on the strong tainted air,
His deep notes proclaim that sly Reynard is found.
How melodious they cry!—Away then we bound—
"Who's first?"—"Why the sprightly *Grey Mare!*"

Arriv'd at a gate, whether five bars or not
The jessamies tremble and stare,
Whilst, as swift as a shaft from Toxopholite's bow,
And as light as the wind, or the mountain-bred doe,
High over, quick flies the *Grey Mare.*
Thro' woods, and thro' thickets, our course we pursue,
Despising the bramble's rude tear:
At length we're at fault;—but, Hark! hark! there's a view!—
Our spirits revive, the pursuit we renew,
And still the field's led by the *Mare.*

Perhaps some one falls, with a terrible crush;
The rest neither heed it, nor care,
But ditches o'erleap, thro' rivulets rush,
Till bold Reynard is killed, and the trophy—his brush,
Is won by the dashing *Grey Mare.*

THE

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A TALE.

A Man had once a vicious wife;
(A most *uncommon* thing in life)
His days and nights were spent in strife
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A truce without doors, or within,
From speeches long as Statesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din,
He found not.

He ev'ry soothing art display'd;
Try'd of what stuff her skin was made.—
Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
To take her!

Once, walking by a river's side,
In mournful terms, "My dear!" he cry'd,
"No more let feuds our peace divide!
"I'll end them!

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
"To drown I have made up my mind;
"So tie my hands as fast behind
"As can be!

"Or nature may assert his reign,
"My arms assist, my will restrain,
"And, swimming, I once more regain
"My troubles!"

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes;
Already in her thoughts he dies
Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
"Nature revolts," he said, "Beside,
"I would not be a suicide,
"And die thus!

"It would be better far, I think,
"While close I stand upon the brink,
"You push me in!—Nay, never shrink,
"But do it!"

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did—what she could least expect
She should do.

He slips aside, himself to save;
So, souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave—what ne'er before she gave—
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help!—I sink!" she cry'd.—
"*Thou best of wives!*" the man reply'd,
"I would—but *You* my hands have ty'd.
"God help ye!"

W. A. S.

TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies!—
Nor will I feast thee with a d—'d delight,
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou'rt welcome to a rhymer, sore perplex'd
The subject of his verse;
There's many a one, who on a better text,
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, Old Freemason, from my view,
But quietly, like me, spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room,
Woe to the nice geometry, if seen!
But where is he, whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws, in which the weak are caught,
But which the strong break thro'.
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly—
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry!

And is not thy weak work, like human schemes,
And care on earth, employed?
Such are young Hope's and Love's delightful dreams,
So easily destroyed!—
So does the Statesman, whilst th' avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay:
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong:
For, Spider, thou art like the Poet, poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily, our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

SUFFERINGS

SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE.

(From Bromfield's FARMER'S BOY.*)*

COULD the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woe—
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold!
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ler on from stage to stage,
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed,
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed,
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides;
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side;
And joys to see the well-known stable-door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door;
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels,
With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'rers wear his life away.

TRANSLATION OF BURGER'S "LUST AN LEIBCHEN."

JOY IN A JO!*

HOW blest the chief† that has a Jo!‡
How blest, ah! wha can tell?
Nane sic§ can royal Lon'on show;
No, nor e'en Embro's sell!||

Not ane bawbie¶ his pouch can shaw,
Nor gawdie gear** his back;
Yet has he wealth, man, mare than a',
But of anither mak.††

The warl',‡‡ for him, may stan' or fa',§§
Blaw storm o' rain, o' win;
The win' cannot dae mare|||| than blaw,
Nor rain gae *thro'* the skin.

O' grief and care he maks a joke;
For a' the days that run,
He thanks his God,—and, like a cock,
Craws to ilk¶¶ rising sun.

Ilk meal's a feast; e'en sleep supplies
What churls could ne'er conceive—
He dreams himsel i' Paradise,
And not wi'out his Eve!

In godlike joy, baith night and day,
Ay swims the chiel sae cheery—
Wha, till himsel, can sing or say
That he has kiss'd his deary?

But, oh! I whistle to the win'!
My cot has nane to bless me.
Oh! come, some little Eve, come in,
Be mine, and let me kiss thee!

X.

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* The simplicity of manner in the original so much resembles the stile of our BURNS, that the Translator has been tempted to employ the dialect of the Scottish Bard.

† Youth. ‡ Lover. § None such.
|| Edinburgh itself. ¶ One halfpenny.
** Fine clothes.
†† Another make, kind, nature.
‡‡ World. §§ Stand or fall.
|||| Do more. ¶¶ Crows to each or every.